The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1871. NO. 364.

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Parade of the Meadville Fire Department.

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New York Dry Goods Market.

Southern Cotton Markets.

Pittsburgh Petroleum Market.

Protection and the Manufacture of Cotton.

In his recent article in the *North American Review* on "Revenue Reform," Mr. Wells asserted that the home consumption of cotton, measured in pounds, "was less in the United States during the year 1870, with 39,000,000 of people, than it was in 1860 with 30,000,000." This statement the New York *Tribune* met with a pointblank denial of its truth; and the gauntlet being thus thrown down was taken up by the *World* and *Commercial Bulletin*, both of which, although apparently ignorant where Mr. Wells obtained his data, proved by their own statistics the correctness of the assertion in question. As Mr. Wells has not, however, seen fit to personally answer the *Tribune's* denial—feeling, doubtless, that he had no reason to expect that any communication he might make to that paper would be received with courtesy—we propose to say a word or two on the subject.

...

the *Tribune* indulges in assertion when it undertakes to discuss fiscal or economical subjects, and how little, in fact, it knows of what it is writing about, we will quote it against itself, and call attention to an article entitled "Cotton Waste," published in the *Tribune* in January, 1870, in which, after asserting explicitly that while we manufactured in 1860 422,704,975 pounds of cotton, with a population of 31,000,000, we manufactured, by estimate, in 1869, only 450,000,000, with a population of 40,000,000; and, taking this fact as a text, proceeded to vindicate the necessity of protection, and to rebuke Mr. Wells for the recommendation that no more capital should be invested in cotton spindles, until those then in existence were fully employed.

In view of these facts, will the *Tribune* now repeat its assertion, that the statement of Mr. Wells in the *North American* relative to the comparative consumption of cotton is untrue, or will it acknowledge for once that it relied on its imagination for its facts, and its instincts for its conclusions?

MASONIC NOTICES.

Masonic.

DEARBORN LODGE No. 310, A. F. & A. M.

Masonic.

Oriental Lodge No. 33, A. F. and A. M.

SHIRTS.

SHIRTS.

WILSON BROS.,

64 Washington-st., opp. Opera House,

DISINFECTANT.

A New Disinfectant.

"THE PERFUMED ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT"

SANFORD MFG. CO., Sole Proprietors, 12 Fifth-av., Chicago.

PARTNER WANTED.

PARTNER WANTED.

Partner in a Book-selling, Printing, and Stationary business, located in a city of nearly twenty thousand people, in this State. Capital required, from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. Those meaning business may apply, for particulars, to J. R. WALSH, 121 and 123 State-st. Principals only will be dealt with.

STARCH.

DURYEAS' SATIN GLOSS STARCH.

In 6-lb. Boxes and 1-lb. Papers.

TRY IT!

Gives a BEAUTIFUL WHITE and GLOSSY FINISH, besides renders fabrics very durable.

NO OTHER STARCH SO EASILY USED OR SO ECONOMICAL.

USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.

DURYEAS' SUPERIOR STARCH. Also for Laundry.

DURYEAS' IMPROVED CORN STARCH AND MAIZENA.

MADE WITH GREAT CARE FROM THE CHOICEST CORN.

The Best in the World.

"PERFECTION OF QUALITY,"

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HENRY C. SMITH, Agent, 106 South Water-st., Chicago.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent, 49 & 51 Park-place, N. Y. City.

BUSINESS CHANCE.

RARE CHANCE

For a Good Business Man, with Capital.

An established and profitable business for sale, in consequence of ill health. Call for three days, from 9 to 11, and 2 to 4, at 192 South Clark-st., Room 1.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. S. PRATT & CO.,

COMMISSION

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Second Floor, 41 Wabash-av.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. HENRY OLIN,

DENTIFRICE.

DR. PRICE'S

Tooth Lozenges.

MUSIC BOOKS.

HOME CIRCLE. VOL. 1.

HOME CIRCLE. VOL. 2

PIANISTS ALBUM.

PIANOFORTE GEMS.

THE HOME CIRCLE SERIES.

ROOT'S SCHOOL

For the Cabinet Organ.

By GEORGE F. ROOT.

COTTONS.

COTTONS.

Having made extensive additions to our counter and shelf-room, we now offer Prints and Cottons in the Centre Section of our Wabash-av. entrance.

HAMLIN, HALE & CO.,

Retailers of Dry Goods and Carpets.

WABASH-AV. & WASHINGTON-ST.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Clerks and School Teachers,

And all who want a home, or wish to invest for speculation, don't forget

CHAMBERS'

GREAT AUCTION SALE

AT

Evanston,

On MONDAY NEXT, AUGUST 7th.

Cars leave Northwestern Depot, corner Kinzie and Canal-sts., at 9 o'clock sharp. FREE RIDE both ways and FREE LUNCH.

OFFICE OF J. K. FISHER & CO.,

Commission Merchants,

30 EXCHANGE-PLACE.

NOTICE.

To the Drug Trade of the Northwest.

DECATUR & STATE LINE RAILWAY.

L. W. FILKINS,

DOLLAR STORE.

FINANCIAL.

DRY GOODS BANK.

CAPITAL $1,000,000.

336 Broadway. New York.

DIRECTORS.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

WANTED.

FLAXSEED

SHOW CASE WANTED,

SUITABLE FOR RETAILING CIGARS.

WANTED,

A YOUNG HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

WANTED,

BUSINESS CARDS.

ROBERT GREER,

INSURANCE BROKER,

No. 143 LaSalle-st.

RANGES.

WE ARE THE SOLE AGENTS IN THIS CITY FOR

VAN'S HOTEL RANGES.

LAUNDRY.

MUNGER'S LAUNDRY,

86 Dearborn-st.

REAL ESTATE.

Rare Chance at Riverside.

HARDWARE.

HARDWARE.

Mallory, Wheeler & Co. and Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Co. Locks and Trimmings. A full stock of genuine Bronzed and Plated Goods for fine dwellings and public buildings. The attention of consumers is solicited to my stock and prices. Agent for La Belle Nails.

J. K. TYLER,

41 State-st., Chicago.

Chicago Business Directory.

Name, Business, and Location of the Leading Business Houses of Chicago.

RIVERSIDE.

CUSHMAN'S

RIVERSIDE

This property is offering superior inducements to purchasers. Uniformly moderate prices, large lots, high ground, surrounded on all sides by the finest scenery, fine improvements, and for prospective advance in price, or an elegant place for residence, offers greater inducements than any other suburban town in the vicinity of Chicago. I am offering this property at prices and on such terms as to accommodate the views of any purchaser. I make no restriction in the sale of this property, and am making arrangements for additional railroad facilities, which will afford quick transit and cheap fare. Those wanting to buy for a home, or for a profitable investment, will find their interest promoted by calling at my office, where maps of the ground are to be found.

C. B. KING,

No. 162 Washington-st.

COAL.

COAL!

B. HOLBROOK,

104 LaSalle-st.

N. B.—Dealers will be treated with respectful consideration.

WAREHOUSING.

IMPORTANT TO GRAIN SHIPPERS.

UNITED STATES

Warehouse Company

OF NEW YORK.

WHEAT....1 ct per bushel per month

CORN......1 ct per bushel per month

OATS....3-4 ct per bushel per month

VINEGAR.

PRUSSING'S CIDER VINEGAR.

CHAS. G. E. PRUSSING,

LEAD AND OIL WORKS.

CHICAGO

LEAD AND OIL WORKS,

Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Bar and Pig Lead, Pure Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, and Ground Oil Cake for Feeding.

OFFICE CHICAGO SHOT TOWER CO.

E. W. BLATCHFORD & CO.,

SALT.

Haskin, Martin & Wheeler,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

SALT,

FINE, COARSE, AND DAIRY.

OFFICE: No. 82 South Water-st.

LAKE NAVIGATION.

FOR MACKINAC AND BUFFALO,

ONEIDA,

Captain JAS. DRAKE.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

CHICORA,

HOTELS.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

Broadway, New York.

August 22d,

SCALES.

HOWE'S SCALES.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES

VICTOR SCALES.

VICTOR SCALE CO.

Chicago House, 159 State-st.

AUCTION SALES.

THE GREAT

Auction Sale

CHAMBERS',

AT

EVANSTON

Monday, August 7, 1871.

200 Residence Lots and 16 Houses will be offered for sale. Free Train and Free Lunch. Come one, come all who want homes.

For particulars call on

BROWNE & CULVER,

102 Washington-st., Room 13.

Or see Posters all about the city.

NORTH EVANSTON.

NORTH EVANSTON GROVE PROPERTY.

JOHN CULVER,

No. 65 Clark-st.

TEA AND COFFEE POT.

THE NATIONAL

COFFEE POT!

29,000 Families in the United States use them.

140,000 Persons praise the "National" every day!

It always makes most Excellent and Delicious Coffee. It is very Economical.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

NATIONAL TEA AND COFFEE POT CO., CHICAGO.

OCEAN NAVIGATION.

Inman Line

MAIL STEAMERS.

CUNARD LINE

QUEENSTOWN, LONDONDERRY, LIVERPOOL & GLASGOW.

EDUCATIONAL.

COOK COUNTY

NORMAL SCHOOL.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,

Chicago Collegiate Institute,

Fort Washington French Institute.

Collegiate and Commercial Institute,

PROPOSALS.

Proposals for

Hay and Straw.

WANTED,

EXCURSIONS.

Goodrich's Steamers.

MARRIAGE GUIDE.

A BOOK FOR THE MILLION

MEDICAL.

Look to Your Children!

McVICKER'S NEW THEATRE.

The Elegant Temple of Amusement Nearly Completed.

Description of the Work Already Accomplished.

Seating Capacity for 1,438 Persons, and Every Seat a Good One.

On the 5th of November, 1857, McVicker's Theatre was first thrown open to the public under the management of its present owner. [illegible]

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

The Wyndham Troupe produced at the Dearborn Theatre last evening Robertson's beautiful comedy of "School," [illegible]

[illegible]

Miss Katie Putnam takes her benefit this evening at Hooley's, [illegible]

[illegible]

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune: [illegible]

I am convinced that Mr. Hooley intended no misstatement in his advertisement of Tuesday last, but the above brought to his memory will clearly show that those statements are not in the least applicable to him for engagements. To justify my expectations, I beg to state that I have received offers from other managers. While thanking you for your courtesy in granting so much of your valuable space, allow me simply to state that I shall not feel called upon to reply to any further communications. Your obedient servant,

CHAS. WYNDHAM.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3, 1871.

THE POLICE COURTS.

William Smith, a colored man, with auburn hair [illegible]

[illegible]

MAYOR HALL SPEAKS.

What He Thinks of the Situation—The Secret Accounts for 1869 to be Published on Wednesday.

From the New York Times, July 31.

His Honor the Mayor of New York, after the most indefatigable researches, was found on Saturday. An attaché of the Times accompanied Mr. Hall to this city on his return from witnessing the departure of a portion of his family for Europe in the Cunard steamer Calabria. His Honor was quite communicative, and alluded, with not a little pompous pride, to his own connection with journalism; and when the representative of the Times apologized for the annoyance which many public persons suffer from the practice of "interviewing," His Honor remarked that he was always most happy to receive members of the press. No allusion was made to his mysterious disappearance after the publication of Comptroller Connolly's secret accounts in the Times, or to the utter inability of the ablest representatives of the daily journals in the city to discover His Honor's whereabouts. After a few remarks on the general topics, the following conversation ensued:

Reporter. Have you any objection to informing me, sir, when the accounts of Comptroller Connolly will be given to the public?

Mayor Hall. None whatever, sir. The statement of expenditures for 1869 will be published on Tuesday, or Wednesday at the furthest.

Reporter. Will it show a clear statement—that is, give a satisfactory answer, to the serious charges made by the Times against yourself and others?

Mayor Hall. As far as the charges made against myself, Mr. Connolly, Mr. Tweed, and others personally are concerned, they do not affect us in the slightest. But we are concerned about the city credit, and it is only to contradict the unjust and false aspersions cast upon it by the Times that we have condescended to hasten the publication of a report that will beyond question vindicate Mr. Connolly and those associated with him in the affairs of the Department of Finance, beside maintaining the good name of New York city for economy and readiness to meet its debts.

Reporter. But, Mr. Hall, you have only mentioned the accounts of one year. When are we to have those of 1868 and 1870?

Mayor Hall. Oh, you will have them in at least ten days. They would have been given before, and were actually in the hands of the printer, when I sent for the manuscript in order to make the statement more explicit. I shall now endeavor to make the report up to July, 1871.

Reporter. Will the statements which you say will be published in at least ten days, be as conclusive as you say the report of 1869 will be?

Mayor Hall. Beyond a doubt; and will not only show the falsity of the charges made against Mr. Connolly, Mr. Tweed, and myself, personally, but the petty vindictiveness of the Times. Hereafter a monthly statement, similar to the ordinary bank statements, of the condition of the City and County Treasury, is to be made. The first report will be made on the 1st of August for the preceding month—and I think the showing will be so creditable as to defy the unfavorable criticism of even the most violent of our journals.

Reporter. What effect do you think, sir, the disgraceful affair of the 12th of July, followed by the Times exposures, will have upon the Democratic vote?

Mayor Hall (very blandly). My dear sir, you may rest assured that neither the one nor the other will exercise the slightest influence! The Democratic party is too strong in this city to be demoralized by those pitiful events; beside, the elections that will soon occur are of no very important offices. Still, we are confident of carrying the State. We have the State now, and we are determined to keep it. By the time the election for Governor takes place the charges of corruption against us, even if there was anything in them, will all be forgotten.

Reporter. It was rumored that your Honor would shortly sail for Europe.

Mayor Hall. I have no idea of going to Europe (blandly). I shall remain at my post, and let my enemies see that I am invulnerable to their malicious attacks.

After the delivery of the above resolve, His Honor excused himself, and speedily took his departure.

INDIAN BATTLE IN ARIZONA.

A Train Attacked—Thirteen Savages Killed—Federal Loss One Killed and Three Wounded.

From the San Francisco Alta, August 1.

We learn by late advices, dated at Tucson, via the Rio Santa Cruz, in Southwestern Arizona, on the 18th, the particulars of a spirited Indian fight that occurred a day or two before. It appears that Captain H. M. Smith, with a company of cavalry, was escorting a supply train to Camp Bowie, and when east of Tucson about thirty miles, and while passing through a dense wood, the train was suddenly attacked by an hundred savages. At the time of the attack the Captain and his command, with the exception of a few stragglers, were a mile in advance of the rear of the train, where the charge was first made. The teamsters and the stragglers engaged the Indians in a spirited skirmish, and despatched a messenger to report the situation to the Captain, who immediately hurried Lieutenant [illegible] and half a company to the support of the teamsters, who had held the savages in check. Reinforced by the cavalry, a charge was made upon the Indians, who were well armed and mounted, and they resisted stubbornly. The battle lasted about half an hour, during which the Indians lost thirteen killed, including their commander, whose name is not given, and about eighteen wounded. The Indians finding that there was a certainty of their defeat, drew off their wounded, and leaving their dead upon the scene of the conflict, beat a retreat. The cavalry lost John Hosselle, killed, and three wounded. They also had several horses killed in the battle, which was favorable to the cavalry, as they dismounted and fought from behind the cover of the wagons. We also learn that General Cook with his command of Sioux and 200 cavalry, are in the Santa Catalina Mountains to the eastward, in pursuit of a war party, and had not been heard from for several days. We are not informed of the tribe who participated in the attack.

Parricide.

The Maysville (Mo.) *Register* gives an account of the murder of Judge T. B. Titcomb by his son Edward, about twenty miles north of Maysville, Mo. It seems that the son Edward, aged 37 years, had for some time manifested a quarrelsome and disagreeable disposition. On the morning of July 15 he had some difficulty with his father about hauling some hay. The Maysville *Register* proceeds:

"The old gentleman, perceiving that his son was bent on getting up a quarrel, tried to pacify him by telling him to do as he pleased. Ed. at once flew into a dreadful passion, and knocked his father down. The daughters interfered in behalf of their old gray-headed father, when the unnatural and fiendish son and brother struck the youngest a blow which dislocated her shoulder, and choked the other so that the impression of his fingers on her throat was visible several hours afterward. The father, after his son was pulled off of him by the girls, mounted a horse and rode over to the house of Mr. Stephen Merritt, a neighbor of his, to wait until his son's passion had cooled down. The father's escape only seemed to increase the furious anger of Ed. and seizing an axe he rushed toward his mother and threatened to brain her if she did not instantly restore his revolver, which she had taken the precaution to hide at the commencement of the difficulty. Thus forced to comply or suffer death, she gave it to him after exacting a promise that he would not harm his father. Getting possession of the revolver, Ed. immediately rode after his father and found him in Mr. Merritt's yard. The ungrateful son shot three times at his father; one shot struck the gentleman's left arm, and the shot which proved fatal struck the lower rib of the left side, glanced down, struck the left hip bone, and thence back through the center of the left kidney, passing in front of the spine, and lodged in the right hip, as disclosed at the post mortem examination. Judge Titcomb died at 9 o'clock Monday night."

The son was placed in jail, where he played insane, but the sham was too transparent to deceive any one, and he soon gave it up, acknowledging that he never was more sane in his life. Monday night, while the father was dying, the son was playing the fiddle for the amusement of his fellow prisoners.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

THURSDAY EVENING, Aug. 3.

We have compiled the following figures in regard to the export trade of the United States for the year 1870, from the official report of the Bureau of Statistics. They are of interest in showing the relative importance in the export trade, of the principal articles of domestic production, (except gold and silver), and the proportion of each of these prominent articles taken by the various foreign countries.

The following list comprises about 90 per cent. of the total exports for the year 1870. Cotton, as is shown in this exhibit, constitutes about one-half of our total exports, breadstuffs about one-seventh, and petroleum is the third item of importance. Among the curious features, the total value of cheese exported was three times as much as that of so prominent an article as corn. Oil cake, of which comparatively few people ever hear as an article of commerce, is exported to nearly as great an aggregate value as beef, and sewing machines come next in importance to corn:

[illegible]

The following shows the relative importance of the various foreign markets for several of the most prominent of our domestic products. Great Britain takes nearly two-thirds of our exports of cotton, while the West Indies and South America take at least two-thirds of our exported corn and wheat flour. The West Indies also take the principal proportion of our pork, lard and other hog products. Great Britain takes nearly all of our cheese and the greater portion of our beef, [illegible]

[illegible]

In finance there are no very prominent features except such as have already been frequently noticed. The country demand [illegible] in this market about ten or twelve days ago has [illegible] though there is still [illegible] every day, and some is also being brought here from New York to keep up the supply in this market. But it is probable that the grain-raising districts have now received nearly enough currency to move all the wheat and other products that will be marketed until the movement of corn and other late crops shall begin. Notwithstanding that the country banks have drawn pretty heavily on their balances in this city money continues abundant, and the banks are taking all the good paper that is offered.

Exchange continues rather weak at from 75c to $100 per $1,000 discount for sales between banks. All the counter bankers sell at par and buy at 1-10 discount.

A ridiculous story got afloat yesterday, and was printed in some of the city papers this morning, to the effect that two million and a half dollars had been called up in margins on grain trades yesterday, and that this amount had been deposited in the banks with the Treasurer of the Board of Trade. We have the very best reasons for believing that the total amount called up and deposited as margins yesterday did not exceed $500,000, which was the amount mentioned in this column. The two-million-five-hundred thousand-dollar story was the product of excited imaginations.

There are some slight symptoms of a general upward tendency in the railway stock market, and nearly the whole list is from 1 to 1½ per cent higher than a week or ten days ago. [illegible]

The following quotations for buying and selling government bonds and local stocks in this market, this afternoon, are furnished by Lunt, Preston & Kean, bankers, 47 Clark street:

[illegible]

LAND WARRANTS AND SCRIP.

[illegible]

The following were telegraphic quotations to-day:

GOLD IN NEW YORK.

[illegible]

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—Gold dull and weak at [illegible]

[illegible]

COMMERCIAL.

THURSDAY EVENING, Aug. 3.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours:

[illegible]

The following grain has been received up to 10 o'clock this morning: [illegible]

[illegible]

The demand for groceries continues active, and quotations rule firm and nominally unchanged. The stocks of staple goods are equal to all requirements of the trade. No new features were developed in the dry goods market. The volume of business transacted was moderately large, and the views of jobbers were firm at former quotations. In the boot and shoe market trade is rather slack, and quotations favor buyers. Drugs and chemicals were in fair request and held firmly at unchanged prices. The stocks for this portion of the year are in good condition. A good demand existed for choice grades of lumber for shipment, and the tendency of prices is to a higher range. Wool was in less active inquiry, and firm at yesterday's quotations. Building materials were dull at unchanged prices. Salt sold quite readily at $2.15 for fine, and $2.10 for coarse. Timothy seed sold at $2.90@3.20, and clover at $5.50. There was no quotable change in oils, but the general market was easy, concessions being granted on nearly all descriptions. [illegible]

[illegible]

LATER.

At the Afternoon Board the leading grain markets were only fairly active, with closing sales of No. 2 spring wheat at 97¼c seller August; No. 2 corn at 43¾c seller August; and oats at 30c seller August or September.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

THURSDAY EVENING, Aug. 3.

The following table shows the daily receipts of live stock during the week up to this evening:

[illegible]

BEEF CATTLE—[illegible]

[illegible]

CHICAGO LUMBER MARKET.

THURSDAY EVENING, Aug. 3.

CARGOES—[illegible]

[illegible]

CHICAGO DAILY MARKET.

THURSDAY EVENING, Aug. 3.

BUTTER—[illegible]

[illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

FINANCIAL.

LONDON, Aug. 3—4:30 p. m.—Consols, [illegible]

[illegible]

Eastern Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK.

[illegible]

The Produce Markets.

NEW YORK.

[illegible]

BUFFALO. [illegible]

BALTIMORE. [illegible]

MILWAUKEE. [illegible]

TOLEDO. [illegible]

CLEVELAND. [illegible]

CINCINNATI. [illegible]

ST. LOUIS. [illegible]

NEW ORLEANS. [illegible]

OSWEGO. [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA. [illegible]

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Port of Chicago.

ARRIVED. [illegible]

CLEARED. [illegible]

Vessels Passed Detroit.

[illegible]

Illinois and Michigan Canal.

[illegible]

Lake Freights.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous Items.

[illegible]

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. Bigelow,

[illegible]

Dr. E. A. Bassett,

[illegible]

Dr. A. G. Olin,

[illegible]

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Biliousness and Indigestion.

[illegible]

TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S MEDICINES.

ADVICE

TO THE

Broken Down in Health.

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT

SARSAPARILLA

Cures all Eruptions of the Skin.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

Cures the worst form of Scrofula.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

Enters readily into the Circulation of the Blood.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

Beautifies the Complexion.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

Catawba Grape Pills.

HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

A Pleasant, Safe, and Agreeable Cathartic.

HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILL

IS NOT A PATENTED PILL.

HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS

[illegible]

How to Proceed,

TO ENSURE

New Life, New Blood, New Vigor.

Purchase two Bottles of HELMBOLD'S SARSAPARILLA, and one Box of PILLS—worth their weight in gold. No better investment can be made for so small a sum.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

HAS ACQUIRED A

World-Wide Fame.

[illegible]

WILLIAM [illegible] WARNER & CO.

[illegible]

MR. HELMBOLD

[illegible]

All Stand on their Merits!

[illegible]

H. T. HELMBOLD.

CRYSTAL PALACE DRUG STORE,

594 Broadway, New York.

[illegible]

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

THE COMMON COUNCIL.

Adjourned Meeting of the Board of Aldermen.

Schintz & McCauley's Men Present and Ready for Mischief.

The Mayor's Communication Contemptuously Received.

Grant Goodrich, Manuel Talcott, and Murry Nelson Unsuitable for Bridewell Inspectors.

They are Defeated by a Tie Vote of 16 to 16.

The Public Baths—Damaged Policemen—Mutual Gas Company.

An adjourned meeting of the Common Council was held last evening, President Holden in the chair. [illegible]

COMMUNICATION FROM THE MAYOR.

The CLERK—There is a communication from the Mayor.

[illegible]

Ald. SCHINTZ. I rise to a point of order. [illegible]

The CHAIR. [illegible]

Ald. CAMPBELL. Let it be read for information. [illegible]

The CHAIR. The decision of the Chair is that the communication from his Honor, the Mayor, is always in order at special and other meetings. [illegible]

Ald. MONTGOMERY. I appeal from the decision of the Chair.

The CLERK read the communication, as follows:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Common Council: [illegible]

R. B. MASON, Mayor.

Ald. CAMPBELL. Mr. President, I move, sir, the confirmation of these names, and on that I move the previous question.

The CHAIR. It is moved and seconded that the three names submitted be confirmed, and on that the previous question has been called.

Ald. SCHINTZ. I rise to a point of order.

[illegible]

Ald. MONTGOMERY—I second the objection.

Ald. SCHINTZ—Will the Chair give his opinion?

[illegible]

WHAT THE CHAIR DECIDED.

The CHAIR. The decision of the Chair is, that the motion of Ald. Montgomery is in order. [illegible]

The CHAIR. The nomination of the Mayor is not confirmed.

[illegible]

Ald. DIXON. That section of the charter has never been repealed.

Ald. CAMPBELL. I move the Mayor be sent for. He has the casting vote.

[illegible]

Ald. CAMPBELL. I have the floor, and you cannot move an adjournment.

[illegible]

Ald. SCHINTZ. I move to adjourn.

Ald. DIXON. The proposition is all right.

[illegible]

The CHAIR. Gentlemen, I wish you would remember that this is not a town meeting.

THE LAW LAID DOWN.

Ald. CAMPBELL read from the charter: "The Mayor and Aldermen shall constitute the Common Council of said city. The Common Council shall meet at such times and places as they shall by resolution direct. The Mayor, when present, shall preside at all meetings of the Common Council, and shall have only a casting vote."

Ald. WALSH. What is the point of order?

Ald. McCAFFERY. The Mayor cannot vote on that.

Ald. CAMPBELL. The Mayor never can vote until the vote is ascertained.

Ald. WALSH. The Chair has decided that vote lost.

Ald. DIXON. The Chair has gone beyond the charter.

Ald. CAMPBELL. You will find in section 8 [illegible] that the Mayor has a casting vote.

[illegible]

AN ASSERTION AND DENIAL.

Ald. CAMPBELL. My distinguished friend, the Alderman of the Seventh Ward (Schintz), has positively announced that the Mayor has a casting vote.

Ald. SCHINTZ. I never said so.

[illegible]

Ald. SCHINTZ. I move to adjourn.

Ald. SCHAFFNER. I second that.

[illegible]

BOOKS SUBMITTED.

[illegible]

"NOT NOW YOU DON'T."

Ald. MONTGOMERY. A motion to adjourn is always in order, Mr. President.

Ald. DIXON. Not after the ayes and noes are called. [illegible]

Ald. SCHAFFNER. I rise to a point of information.

The CHAIR. Ald. Schaffner is out of order.

Ald. SCHAFFNER. I intend to keep the floor.

[illegible]

SEARCHING FOR THE LAW.

[illegible]

Ald. SCHAFFNER. I move that Alds. Campbell and Dixon take seats by the side of the President, as they seem to be the leading members of the Council.

Ald. DIXON. I move to add to the list Schintz and Schaffner.

SCHINTZ ANSWERS.

Ald. SCHINTZ. I move that this Council adjourn. That takes precedence of any other question.

Ald. CAMPBELL. The President has a right to decide the matter in his own mind.

[illegible]

Ald. McAVOY. What is the question before the house?

Ald. HOLDEN. We are waiting to decide a little question.

Ald. McAVOY. The question is whether the Mayor is entitled to vote.

MONTGOMERY ON THE RETIRE.

Ald. MONTGOMERY. Now I propose to retire in good order.

Ald. WALSH. I ask what question is before this Council?

The CHAIR. The question is upon settling this vote just taken.

Ald. WALSH. Has the Chair decided the motion was lost?

Ald. MONTGOMERY. The Chair has decided already it was lost.

Ald. WALSH. Have you not decided the question? If not, you are right. I certainly understood the Chair to decide the question lost.

THE CLERK APPEALED TO.

Ald. MONTGOMERY. How is that, Mr. Clerk? Did the Chair decide the motion lost?

FAIRNESS.

Mr. PRESIDENT. Now, gentlemen, there is a certain matter of fairness which it will do at all times to live under. Fairness will hurt no one. Now, on page 7 of the Charter of 1863, Section 11, it reads: "On the first Monday of December next, and annually thereafter, the Common Council of said city shall elect, from the Aldermen, a presiding officer, who shall be invested with all the powers and duties incident thereto." Now, the present Chairman is the presiding officer of this body. He cannot give two votes. He has cast one, and that was in favor of confirming the three names sent in. There were sixteen votes in the affirmative, and sixteen in the negative. The Chair has no other vote, hence the motion made to confirm these three gentlemen is lost.

THE LINCOLN PARK TRACK.

The report of the Committee on Railroads recommending that the assent of the Council be given to a resolution passed by the North Side Railway Company, relative to the Lincoln street track, was taken up.

Ald. SCHAFFNER moved to postpone consideration of the question.

Ald. WALSH stated that an Alderman had been approached and offered $500 to withdraw his opposition to this scheme. He wished to inquire further into it.

Ald. SCHINTZ. Sit down.

Ald. SCHAFFNER. Give us the name.

Ald. McAVOY. The ring is breaking.

Ald. WALSH. That Alderman was Ald. Daggy.

[illegible]

ORDINANCES.

The report of the Committee on Streets and Alleys, to whom was recommitted a report and ordinance [illegible], was taken up and placed on file.

An ordinance for paving Illinois street, from North Wells to Kingsbury street, was passed.

[illegible]

COAL AT THE WATER WORKS.

The report of the Committee on Fire and Water on the use of anthracite coal, was taken up, together with a resolution instructing the Board of Public Works to use anthracite coal.

[illegible]

It was so ordered.

DAMAGED POLICEMEN.

The report of the Committee on Police, recommending the passage of a resolution directing that the loss of policemen by damage to their clothing, incurred in the actual discharge of their duty, be made good from the fines at the Police Courts, was taken up.

Ald. McAVOY moved to concur in the report, and placed on file.

[illegible]

Ald. DIXON said if there was a ring, Ald. Walsh would belong to it.

Ald. GEO. POWELL said, if this resolution were passed, a policeman, whose clothes were torn in a scuffle, would feel less inclined to batter out the prisoner's brains for tearing them than at present.

[illegible]

Ald. GARDNER said, under the resolution, the Police Commissioners would be compelled to pay for every suit of clothes worn by the police.

[illegible]

Ald. GILL moved to postpone indefinitely the whole subject matter.

The motion was concurred in, as follows:

[illegible]

ARCHER AVENUE.

Ald. TRACY moved to reconsider the vote by which the ordinance for the improvement of Archer avenue, from Halsted street to the river, was passed, be reconsidered.

The motion prevailed, and the ordinance was referred.

SPECIAL RAILROAD COMMITTEE.

The PRESIDENT appointed, as the Special Committee on Railroads, the motion having reference to the matter of a charge of bribery to procure the franchise, Ald. Walsh, Somers, W. S. Powell, Tyler, and McAvoy.

THE BATHING HOUSE.

The report of the Committee on Police, to whom was referred an order from Ald. Busse amending a resolution authorizing the erection of a bathing house on the Lake Shore at Twenty-fifth street, recommending that the words "Twenty-fifth street" be stricken out, and the words "Eighteenth street" inserted, was taken up.

[illegible]

Ald. McAVOY moved that the bathing house be located at a point between Twenty-fifth street and Douglas Place, to be designated by the Board of Health.

Ald. WILCE moved to amend, by making the point between Park Row and Randolph street.

Ald. CAMPBELL moved to substitute Healy's Slough.

Ald. MONTGOMERY supported the rights of the poor, and suggested Calumet.

[illegible]

The ordinance was referred.

THE TRUCK ORDINANCE.

Ald. DIXON wanted to have the consent of the Council to the introduction of an ordinance amending the truck ordinance, but could not obtain it.

Ald. WALSH objected.

Ald. CAMPBELL wanted to introduce something, but—

Ald. WALSH objected.

Ald. McAVOY moved to adjourn, which motion was lost.

Ald. WILCE wished to introduce a communication from the Corporation Counsel, relative to carrying concealed weapons, but objections were raised.

THE MUTUAL GAS COMPANY.

The report of the Committee on Gas Lights, to whom was referred the petition of John B. Drake and others, for permission to lay gas pipes, recommending the passage of an ordinance authorizing the same, was taken up.

Ald. DAGGY offered an amendment to the ordinance requiring the Mutual Gas Company to [illegible]

Ald. OTIS. Moved an amendment, providing that the company be prohibited from taking up the pavement on any improved street, [illegible]

Ald. GILL. Moved to recommit the ordinance with amendments to the committee.

Ald. McAVOY. Moved to make the matter the special order for a week from Monday evening.

Ald. McGRATH. Presented a communication from the company, which was ordered to be published.

The motion of Ald. McAvoy was lost by the following vote, yeas 7, nays 24.

Ald. SCHINTZ moved to amend by providing that the corporation furnish gas to the city and its inhabitants at a rate at least 50 cents per 1,000 feet below the present rates charged by the present gas companies.

The amendment was ordered to be published.

Ald. GEO. POWELL rose to speak, and was recognized by the chair.

Ald. W. S. POWELL asked permission to say a word.

Ald. GEO. POWELL yielded the floor.

Ald. W. S. POWELL moved the previous question.

Ald. GEO. POWELL said it was unparliamentary.

The previous question was ordered.

The motion to refer back the ordinance and amendments was carried by the following vote—yeas, 25; nays, 8.

The Council adjourned.

INSTRUCTIONS.

The respectable constituents of Messrs. Busse and Boese yesterday presented these gentlemen the following memorial:

To Messrs. Busse and Boese, Aldermen, Twentieth Ward.

GENTLEMEN: We the undersigned, residents in the ward [illegible]

[illegible]

THE CALEDONIAN PICNIC.

Fifty-three Car Loads of Pleasure-Seekers at Haas' Park.

Scottish Games and Pastimes—Award of Prizes—Dancing and Music.

One Caledonian picnic is so like another, that it is almost a superfluous task to enter upon anything like a detailed account of it. Highland games to-day in America do not differ very materially from the Highland games of which King James I., the monarch of all Scotland, was the supporter, many centuries ago. The Caledonian picnic of 1871 was very similar to the picnic of 1870, and to that of all the years preceding, down to the time when Caledonian picnics came into fashion. The only difference was that it was larger, and, if possible, a happier gathering than has ever assembled in Haas' Park, on a similar occasion. There were fifty-three car loads of passengers to the grounds, beside the great number of private carriages and pedestrians, which probably swelled the number of pleasure-seekers to something in the vicinity of five thousand.

This was a large crowd to take care of, and to make jolly, and to prevent from breaking into disorderly proceedings. The various committees of arrangements had provided for all possible emergencies, and it is due to the managers to state that everything was conducted in a manner calculated to satisfy all the visitors. [illegible]

The quietest part of the picnic was to be enjoyed in the early hours of the afternoon, when the visitors were occupied in the preparation of their midday meal. After 1 o'clock the rush commenced, and then the parks swarmed all over, and the games began. [illegible]

The Scotch are said to be a clannish people, and yet it is generally remarked that their picnics are the most cosmopolitan of any in the country. [illegible]

The games formed a very interesting feature of the day, and the trials of skill in the various athletic contests were witnessed by a very large proportion of the entire assemblage. The following are the names of the winners in the competition:

Boys' Race. Henry Grady, first prize.

Throwing Heavy Hammer, 22 lbs. First prize, James Fleming, of Scotland; distance 79 feet 10 inches. Second prize, Peter Fraser, of Montreal; distance, 78 feet 7 inches.

Putting the Stone. James Fleming, first prize; J. B. McKenzie, second prize. Distance, Fleming 34 feet 1 inch; McKenzie, 29 feet 10 inches.

Vaulting with the Pole. Peter Fraser, first prize; James Hogg, second prize.

Hurdle Race. James Burke, first prize; James Madden, second prize.

Tossing the Caber. James Fleming, first prize; S. J. Coyne, second prize.

Standing High Leap. Peter Fraser, first prize; James McKenzie, second prize.

Throwing the 56-lb Hammer. J. B. McKenzie, first prize; James Fleming, second prize.

Hop, Step, and Leap. Peter Fraser, first prize; James Fleming, second prize.

Long Race. James Burke, first prize; Joseph Sharpe, second prize.

Throwing Light Hammer. J. Fleming, first prize; P. Fraser, second prize.

Running High Leap. P. Fraser, first prize; Fleming, second prize.

The dancing of the Highland Fling, and the "Gillie Callum," or sword dance, Fleming carried off the prizes. [illegible]

The gathering broke up in the evening, peaceably, and the excursion trains [illegible], the picnic was the most successful, in its attendance, the Caledonian Club has yet held, and it was certainly one of the most enjoyable occasions of the summer season.

THE CAMEL SWALLOWED.

Farwell Hall Transformed into a Theatre—The Public Astonished and the Pressed Apostles Disgusted.

The benefit tendered to Mr. Edward Coleman, in Farwell Hall, yesterday afternoon, was an eccentric affair in many ways. Mr. Coleman being exclusively a European and New York actor, it is really difficult to appreciate the strength of his claims upon Chicago theatre-goers. Nor does any particular light appear to be thrown upon this somewhat mysterious question by the list of names which were published as tendering to the gentleman the complimentary benefit referred to. In point of fact many of these gentlemen are singularly ignorant themselves as to how their names found their way into print. Of course it was quite satisfactory. There was no peculiar obligation on their part, and, to appear before the world in the light of benefactors, and that too without effort, was gratifying in the extreme to the gentlemen named. The public displayed a marked distrust by keeping themselves very considerably away from the entertainment. But the most remarkable feature of the whole affair was Farwell Hall and its management. Farwell Hall has hitherto been regarded as a sort of sanctum sanctorum, into which no uncleanness is ever permitted to find its way. [illegible]

The Germans will remember the price they paid for Farwell Hall for their fair in aid of wounded soldiers in the war. [illegible]

It was with a feeling of astonishment, therefore, that the public received the announcement that an entertainment of a mixed character, including dramatic representations, was to be given at Farwell Hall, under the very shadow of the unfortunate frescoes on the ceiling. [illegible]

It is a singularly unfortunate circumstance that Mr. Rockwell is out of town, and could not, therefore, be interviewed on the subject. In his place he left Mr. F. D. Kendrick, a polite gentleman, to whom several questions were put relative to this inconsistency.

Mr. Kendrick stated that he understood that Mr. Rockwell made a verbal contract with Mr. Cambridge to lease the hall, [illegible]

Mr. Cambridge, of whom further information was asked, stated that Mr. Rockwell made no objection whatever; [illegible]

From this it may be inferred that the only sin against the Young Men's Christian Association, which are of the unpardonable sort, are salutary exercises and "variety shows."

To come down to a question of what is what, it does seem rather difficult to determine what the entertainment in Farwell Hall, yesterday, was, if not a variety show. And that was not objectionable.

The only sin, therefore, which the association, through Mr. Rockwell, feels bound to discountenance, [illegible]

A little light from Mr. Rockwell, or some one else, is in order.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

Proposed Transfer of Dexter Park—Meeting of Stockholders.

The Forthcoming Race Between Longfellow and Kingfisher.

Base Ball Matters—The Mutuals Beaten at Cleveland.

THE TURF.

TRANSFER OF DEXTER PARK.

Pursuant to the notice contained in yesterday's TRIBUNE, a meeting of gentlemen interested in the proposed lease of Dexter Park, was held last evening in Parlor 10, Sherman House. Among the gentlemen present were Albert Holmes, David A. Gage, A. F. Fawcett, Wm. Loomis, Albert S. Gage, J. G. Brennan, H. S. Monroe, O. B. Dickinson, E. R. Schall, R. McClelland, H. H. Yates, M. J. Brown, A. H. Burke, W. J. Nichols, Theo. Keefe, F. H. Doe, and others.

Mr. Keefe called the meeting to order, and nominated for Chairman Mr. H. S. Monroe, who was unanimously elected, and who, on taking the chair, briefly stated the object of the meeting as heretofore published. The Chair also read the lease proposed to be transferred by the present proprietors of Dexter Park, for a term of twelve years at the sum of $25,000.

Mr. A. F. Fawcett called attention to certain objectionable clauses in the lease, [illegible]

Other gentlemen gave their views upon the subject to the same effect, and Mr. D. A. Gage moved the appointment of a committee of three to confer with the Union Stock Yard Company with a view to coming to an understanding as to the terms of the lease.

The motion prevailed, and the Chair appointed Messrs. D. A. Gage, Albert Holmes, and O. B. Holmes as such committee. On motion, the Chairman was added to the committee, which was instructed to fulfill its duties at once, and report at a meeting to be held on Saturday evening.

The meeting adjourned until to-morrow evening at the same place.

LONG BRANCH RACES.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 3.—The attendance at the races to-day was the largest of the meeting. [illegible]

The third race, for a purse of $750, mile heats, was won by Nellie Gray, in 1:50½ and 1:47¾, beating Climax and John Heenan.

The Tammany cup, three miles, for all ages, was won by Helmbold, in 5 minutes, beating Lobelia and Niagara.

LONGFELLOW AND HIS OWNER.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* has been "interviewing" Longfellow and his owner, and joins in the popular cry of admiration for the beautiful quadruped. Longfellow, besides being handsome, is also good. He is quiet and even-tempered as a plow-horse, but is taken as much care of as a petted child. Nine men are in attendance upon him, and he is not left alone a minute. The night watchers at his stable are armed. No visitor is allowed to touch him, and his food is examined as carefully as was a Roman Emperor's. Mr. Harper sleeps in the stable, and never leaves the ground day or night. He oversees personally the feeding of his horse. He is a small-sized, muscular-looking man, and calls himself sixty-seven, but looks ten years older. He wears the poorest kind of Kentucky clothes, ill-fitting and dirty. Eight thousand acres of blue grass belong to him, and this fact, together with the actual earnings of Longfellow—eight thousand dollars so far—will render the sale of the animal quite improbable.

LONGFELLOW AND KINGFISHER.

From the New York Herald, Aug. 2.

The great racing event of the year, the meeting of the wonderful horses Longfellow and Kingfisher, in the race of four miles over the Saratoga course in August, is now the most prominent subject of discussion all over the country. [illegible]

Both horses were doing remarkably well at last advices from Saratoga. Their work will be watched with great interest as the meeting approaches, [illegible]

The week's racing is to commence on Wednesday, August 16, and, as every good race horse in the country will be in attendance, the sport cannot fail to be equal, if not superior, to that of any previous meeting.

[illegible]

BASE BALL.

THE WESTERN TOUR OF THE MUTUALS.

The stupendous success of the Mutuals upon their Western tour is sufficiently attested, without comment, in the following recapitulation:

Mutuals vs. Kekiongas	[illegible]
Mutuals vs. White Stockings	[illegible]
Mutuals vs. Forest City (Rockford)	[illegible]
Mutuals vs. White Stockings	[illegible]
Mutuals vs. Forest City (Cleveland)	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

A match game of base ball was played on yesterday, at Ogden Park, between the Emmets and Ætna, Jr. The former were victorious, by the appended score:

[illegible score table]

—We are assured, by an anonymous correspondent, that the "Chicago Juniors" beat the "Mutuals Juniors" 26 to 8, August 1.

—The F. A. Eastmans beat the *Post* nine—40 to 11.

—The White Stocking Juniors will meet this evening, at No. 70 LaSalle street.

THE MUTUALS AT CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 3.—The game of base ball today between the Mutuals, of New York, and the Forest Citys, of Cleveland, was stopped in the middle of the sixth inning on account of rain. Score 10 to 5, in favor of the latter.

GAME AT SOUTH BEND.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SOUTH BEND, Aug. 3.—An excellent game of base ball came off here, to-day, between the Clippers and Roughs and Readys, of this city, resulting in a score of 9 to 7 in favor of the Clippers. Of the several amateur clubs here, the Roughs have been champions, and the Clippers made challenge for changing the right to that title, and won it by hard work. The batting was good, with sharp fielding on both sides. [illegible]

FOREST CITY VS. KEKIONGA.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Aug. 3.—The game to-day between the Forest City and the Kekiongas, of Fort Wayne, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 4 to 0, as follows:

[illegible score table]

HAYMAKERS VS. BOSTONS.

TROY, Aug. 3.—The match game for the championship between the Bostons and Haymakers was won by the latter club by a score of 13 to 13. [illegible]

RED STOCKINGS VS. HAYMAKERS.

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 3.—The Red Stockings, of Boston, and the Haymakers, of Troy, played a championship match here to-day. The game was closely contested, and resulted in favor of the Haymakers, by a score of 13 to 13. Runs earned, 4 each.

OCCIDENTALS VS. WESTERNS.

KEOKUK, Aug. 3.—In a match game of base ball, to-day, between the Occidentals, of Quincy, and the Westerns, of this city, the latter won by a score of 29 to 20. Great interest was manifested in the game, and a large crowd assembled to witness it.

HAYMAKERS VS. STARS.

The Haymakers, of Troy, met the amateur Stars, of Brooklyn, on Tuesday last, the Trojans winning by a score of 9 to 5. [illegible]

WESTERN TOUR OF THE STARS.

In about two weeks the Stars, of Brooklyn, will start on a Western tour, commencing at Washington, D. C., where they will play a reception game with the Olympics, on the return of the latter from their second Western trip, and they will start in a few days. The Stars will play in Cincinnati, Chicago, Rockford, Cleveland, and Guelph, Canada.

AQUATIC.

RACE WON BY A CHICAGOAN.

The victory of W. B. Curtis, of Chicago, over J. C. Babcock, in a shell-boat race, on Tuesday last, is chronicled by a New York paper, as follows:

[illegible]

PUBLIC PLEASURE DRIVES.

Spanking Spans and Single Flyers to Have a Chance.

Lake Shore Drive—Riverside Park-Way—South Park Boulevards.

What Has Been Accomplished and What is to Come.

Among all the efforts which are being put forth to render Chicago a city in which one can reside and enjoy life, as well as do business and make money, there is, beyond a doubt, no single particular in which more important and gratifying progress has been made than in the matter of our public pleasure drives. For a few years past Chicago has flattered itself by reason of its smooth, clean, level streets, its miles of Nicolson, and its comparative freedom from cobble-stone and boulders under which other cities groan. But in the way of real elegance and perfection, in this matter, we have had, all this time, very little to brag of. [illegible]

First, by reason of its exceptionally beautiful and attractive peculiarities, should be mentioned the Lake Shore Drive, a mate to which cannot be found in the United States. Beginning at the northern confines of the old City Cemetery, and skirting the edge of Lake Michigan so closely that the spray sprinkles the roadbed at times when the surf rolls high shoreward, and with Lincoln Park in its counter adornment, it extends northward nearly a mile and a half, a broad, smooth bed of fine gravel, packed upon blue clay, sixty feet in width. [illegible]

THE RIVERSIDE PARKWAY.

Here is another magnificent pleasure route in readiness, for the greater part of the distance, for public enjoyment. [illegible]

SOUTH PARK BOULEVARDS.

Rapidly and thoroughly has been prosecuted the work of constructing the grand avenues of approach to the South Park, until, at the present time, yet more elegant and extensive drives have been prepared, and all Chicago [illegible]

GROVE PARKWAY.

or Drexel avenue, as it is more commonly termed, begins at Oakwood avenue, about five blocks east of the Open Parkway, and extends southward to Fifty-first street, the park boundary on the north. [illegible]

OTHER DRIVES.

Beside the elaborate and extensive improvements noted above—ample, it will be found, for all present needs—there are but few other attractive drives in and about Chicago. [illegible]

The old Hyde Park road is not without its attractive features, but it can scarcely hope, at present, to compete with its more extensive and expensive rivals. [illegible]

The Graceland and Evanston road continues to be well patronized by the more exuberant class of pleasure-seekers, [illegible]

These, together with the limited spaces at present allotted to carriages in Lincoln and Union Parks, comprise the principal pleasure drives of Chicago and vicinity, not including the wooden block pavement. [illegible]

THE DRIVES OF THE FUTURE.

In the matter of scenery and attractions by the way we have already much to boast, but from the plans already matured, and being carried forward with all reasonable despatch, [illegible] It will pay.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Personal.

Perry H. Smith, Esq., formerly the able and popular Vice President of the Northwestern Railway, returned home to Chicago on Wednesday evening, in most excellent health, after an absence in the Old World of two years. With his family, he travelled over most of Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa. He went up the Nile to the Cataracts, navigated the Suez Canal to the place on the Red Sea where Pharaoh received a serious wetting, inspected the Sphinx, and scaled the Pyramids that cast the shadows of forty centuries upon him. He visited the capital of the Grand Sultan, and tasted the Attic salt of Athens. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, [illegible]

An Insane Woman Taken Up at Forreston.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

FORRESTON, Ill., Aug. 2.

An apparently mute and evidently crazy woman found her way to this place yesterday. She is of medium height, very dark hair, cut short, light gray eyes, may be from 35 to 40 years of age; has some trouble in lower limbs, stepping high and [illegible]

[illegible] awkward when walking; objects to going into a room, and seems to have been accustomed, perhaps in an asylum; seems to understand most that is said to her, but either cannot, or will not, speak, making only a sort of grunting noise of approval or disapproval. She has been some two weeks in the northwestern part of the township. When brought in she had almost naked. Some kind-hearted ladies furnished some clothing, and washed and dressed her up neatly. A room was procured for her at the Pennsylvania House, where she remains, orderly and quiet, but still failing to speak, and exhibiting evident signs of derangement. Information would be furnished by M. B. Hillman, proprietor of Pennsylvania House; Rev. A. Stalley, Supervisor Bank of Forreston; Dr. Tom Winston, or myself.

THOS. J. HEWITT.

[illegible] Eternal City, where he saw both the Vatican and the Quirinal. He was in Paris during the [illegible] Commune, and saw the [illegible] destroyed. [illegible] Chicago, all things considered.

Board of Public Works.

The Board of Public Works held a regular meeting on yesterday afternoon to consider the following bids: For sewers of various sizes in thirty different streets in the North, South, and West Divisions; [illegible]

Public Conveniences.

The foot passage of the LaSalle street tunnel is now open to pedestrians, although it is not entirely completed. The passage is high, spacious, well lighted and ventilated, and during these hot days will be found a very agreeable route between the North and South Divisions, more especially as Clark street bridge is to be soon closed for repairs, which will occupy five or six weeks. [illegible]

Conflagrations.

At 8 o'clock on Wednesday night, a gasoline lamp exploded at No. 250 Larrabee street, and did about $25 damage.

—Fire broke out in a barn in the rear of No. 189 Douglas place at a quarter of 4 o'clock yesterday morning, and Box No. 65 was turned in. The flames communicated to another barn and a frame dwelling, both of which were badly damaged. The last barn was owned by J. B. Taylor; loss $100; not insured. The other barn belonged to Edwin Tuttle, whose loss will be $400; insured for $500. The dwelling, which was unoccupied, belongs to Neal & McMillan; loss $300; not insured. A servant girl in the family of Mr. Taylor, named Sarah Reynolds, admitted that she started the fire. She was arrested and held for trial.

Accidents.

A team of horses, attached to a hack, ran away from the German Gardens, near the city limits, last evening, and the driver, named Hyman, in attempting to stop them, was knocked down, and trampled upon. His head and face were badly cut and his jaw broken. A clerk in a drug store near by dressed his wounds, and a policeman took him to his home.

—Peter Smith, while attempting to jump on a train of cars at Kinzie and Desplaines street, yesterday morning, fell on the track and had his right foot sadly crushed. He was attended by Dr. Gunn, and sent to his boarding house, on Madison street near Canal.

A Would-be Actress.

The city is pretty full of actors just now, and a good many of them are waiting for engagements. The woods around the Northwest are rumored to be full of them. And yet the profession is not happy. Some managers actually find it necessary to advertise. The following is a specimen reply from a young lady, who is evidently dissatisfied with her lot, and wishes to tread the steep and thorny path of fame:

[illegible]

Meteorological.

Meteorological record for Aug. 3, 1871, as reported by J. G. Langguth, Jr., optician, No. 117 Randolph street, correspondent to the Smithsonian Institute. The small letters are the initials for the words "veering," "gentle," "high," "dry," "moist atmosphere," "rain," and "snow."

[illegible table]

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4, 1871.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

Tabernacle Division, No. 429, S. of T. will preside over, participate in, and enjoy a moonlight excursion from Goodrich's dock, foot of Rush street, this evening. The steamer Corona will be the vehicle employed, and especial pains will be taken to keep her free from improper characters, i. e., bottles of all kinds. Tickets will be for sale at No. 69 State street, and upon the boat from 7 to 8 p. m., the latter being the hour set for starting.

—The basket picnic of the Dickson street Methodist church will take place to-day at the University Grove, Evanston. Cars leave Kinzie street depot at 9:45.

—J. G. D. Hamilton was held in $500 bail, yesterday, by United States Commissioner Hoyne, to answer the charge of selling whiskey and cigars without having paid the special tax.

—A thief took United States District Attorney Glover's coat from his room in the Custom House building, yesterday.

—Between 8 and 9 o'clock, yesterday morning, a sneak-thief took several silver spoons from No. 58 Wabash avenue.

—Edward Bradley seized a coat which was hanging in front of No. 263 South Clark street, yesterday afternoon, and ran away. Policeman Becker overtook him, and placed him in the Armory.

—A saloon-keeper named Simon Schmidt died suddenly at No. 474 Halsted street, yesterday morning.

INDIANA.

Supposed Murder at Attica—Institution for the Blind.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 3.—An unmarried woman, named Elizabeth Peden, about 25 years of age, was found in the canal, at Attica, Ind., this morning. She was lying face down in three feet of water. She had a terrible bruise and cut over the right eye, the brains oozing out from above. She bore an excellent character, and was living with the family of Simon Loeb, a dry goods merchant. There is great excitement in consequence.

The National Convention of Instructors for the Blind meets in this city on Tuesday next.

Burglars at Marion.

MARION, Aug. 3.—Last night burglars entered the houses of James Sweetser, J. W. Beshore, George W. Webster, James K. Polk, and another. They were frightened away without any booty. Beshore levelled a gun at one of them, and in the act of firing, when Mr. Beshore's mother interfered and saved the burglar's life. The burglars escaped, but their capture is only a question of time.

Arrest for Arson.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Aug. 3.—John W. Meredith, the bookkeeper of Webb & Smith, grocers, whose safe was robbed and store burned the morning of the Fourth of July, has been arrested on suspicion of committing the crime, the circumstances being very strong against him.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Northern Pacific Railroad bonds bearing 7 3-10 gold interest, secured by fifty acres of land for each $100 bond, receivable for lands at an advance of 10 cents on the dollar, are for sale at Fourth National Bank, National Loan and Trust Co., and of Lunt, Preston & Kean, General Agents.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, the Ferrot Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark (Calisaya Bark and Iron) is the best tonic. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co, New York, and sold by druggists.

Dyspepsia Destroys the Teeth—Unless its effects are counteracted by that pure vegetable tonic and antiseptic Sozodont. No bodily disease can impair them if this antidote to all corrosive elements that act upon the enamel is regularly applied.

To Mothers and Nurses—Mrs. Whitcomb's Syrup, for Diarrhea, &c., in children, whether induced by teething, or other causes, is the safest and best remedy.

Dr. Henry's Root and Plant Pills— Mild yet thorough—no nausea or griping—great liver remedy. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best preparation extant for beautifying the complexion and curing skin diseases.

MARRIED.

SCUDDER—ARNOLD—At St. James' Church, by the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Thompson, Wm. M. Scudder and Mary, daughter of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold.

DIED.

KEITH—On Thursday, August 3, Edward H. Keith, aged 11 years, 4 months, and 24 days.

Funeral from his late residence, No. 181 West Madison-st., at 11 a. m. to-day, Friday.

☞ St. Louis, Boston, and Leroy (N. Y.) papers please copy.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR SATAN IN SOCIETY, by an eminent Physician and Professor in one of our N. Y. Medical Colleges. It deals fearlessly but chastely with evils from which society suffers, moral degradation, and social ruin. It is being reviewed—praised or criticised, by all the leading religious and secular papers and magazines in the U. S., and the verdict of the best and ablest of them is that it is a remarkable book; that it is timely; that it is needed; that it will make its mark, and do good. It is of vital importance to every man and woman in the land, and is having a wonderful sale. Agents will find this a rare opportunity to make money. Circulars, giving full particulars, with numerous notices of the press, sent free. Address J. S. GOODMAN & CO., Publishers, 6 Custom House-place, Chicago, Ill. Say where you saw this advertisement.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL PROF. TRUMBULL'S Family Record; the original of this beautiful engraving was a pen-drawing by Prof. Trumbull, and the most skillful piece of penmanship in this country, and agents are making from $10 to $20 per day. Circulars and terms furnished on application to H. S. NEWELL, 182 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—GOOD BUSINESS MEN FOR the sale of an article just introduced in the West. [illegible] W. T. THURSTON, [illegible], Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED—$100 A MONTH! EMPLOYMENT! Extra inducements! [illegible] W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, or Ohio, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—EVERYWHERE TO CANVASS for our great dollar paper. [illegible] Address H. E. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.

CLAIRVOYANTS.

DR. MATTHEW AND MADAME MAYNARD TELL of business, marriage, journeys, law suits, absent friends, lost or stolen property, or anything you wish. Cure all chronic disease. [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

PARTIES WISHING TO DISPOSE OF FURNITURE [illegible]

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—A GENTLEMAN, WHO HAS SOME [illegible] Address [illegible], Tribune office.

AMUSEMENTS.

LAKE PARK.

OLD JOHN ROBINSON

Is Coming to Chicago,

WITH THE

BIGGEST SHOW IN AMERICA,

AND WILL ERECT

THREE MONSTER PAVILIONS

On Lake Park,

Monday, August 7,

AND REMAIN ONE WEEK.

One Tent for the Museum, Another for the Menagerie, Third and Last for the Circus.

All separate and distinct but connected by beautiful archway entrances, and

ONE TICKET ADMITS TO ALL, MUSEUM, MENAGERIE, AND CIRCUS.

Admission to the entire collection—Adults, 50c; Children, under ten years of age, 25 cents.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING, August 4,

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT

KATIE PUTNAM,

When will be performed [illegible]

FANCHON, the Cricket.

Fanchon (the merriest Cricket) ... KATIE PUTNAM.

[illegible]

Miss Kitty Tucker, and Mr. Edward Coleman have kindly volunteered their services.

To-morrow, OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF

WYNDHAM'S COMEDY COMPANY.

GREAT SUCCESS of Robertson's charming comedy,

SCHOOL,

With exquisite new scenery and appointments.

SATURDAY, August 5, first

SCHOOL MATINEE.

Seats secured six days in advance.

☞ Theatre cooled by ice-cold air.

AUCTION SALES.

PIETERS, GAYWOOD & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS

FOR GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

39 Randolph-st., Chicago.

We give special attention to trade sales, and are agents for English, French, German, Italian, Belgian, and other European houses, whose goods and wares are consigned to us direct to Chicago Custom House, (via Montreal). Merchants will make a note of this, and call on us before ordering from Eastern cities.

By GEO. P. GORE & CO.,

22, 24, and 26 Randolph-st.

AT AUCTION.

THE ENTIRE

FURNITURE,

OF A

FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCE,

Consisting of Parlor Suits, Marble and Wood-Top Tables, Mirrors, [illegible], Tables, Chairs, Carpets, Cook and Parlor Stoves, [illegible] open lots, on SATURDAY, August 5, at 9½ o'clock.

GEO. P. GORE & CO.,

22, 24 and 26 Randolph-st.

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.

REGULAR SATURDAY'S SALE.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Sewing Machines, Piano Forte, &c.,

AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, August 5, at 9½ o'clock a. m., at our salesrooms, 5, 7, 9 and 11 Randolph-st.

Also, at 11 o'clock, 100 Kits No. 1 Boston Mackerel.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

BANKRUPT SALE OF

WINES AND LIQUORS

At 14 & 16 West Randolph-st.

On Monday, Aug. 21, commencing at 10 a. m.

AT PUBLIC AUCTION, FOR CASH.

The entire stock of the late firm of J. WITZELL & BRO., [illegible]

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALE

OF

Unclaimed Baggage and Freight.

The following described unclaimed baggage and freight (held for charges at Chicago, by the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company), will be sold at auction by William A. Butters & Co., Auctioneers, Chicago, on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1871:

[illegible list]

C. HUNTINGTON,

Chicago, Aug. 1, 1871. General Baggage Agent.

By COLBY & WIRTS.

FRIDAY, August 4, at 10 o'clock, at their rooms, 82 and 84 Dearborn-st., elegant

NEW FURNITURE,

Of every description, consigned by manufacturers, embracing everything in the Furniture line. Also,

Second-Hand Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Bedding, Stoves, Mirrors, Pictures, &c.

We sell New Furniture at private sale, through the week, at manufacturers' prices, and ship to all parts of the country.

COLBY & WIRTS.

By REED, FLERSHEIM & CO.

On Saturday, August 5, commencing at 9 1-2 o'clock,

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mirrors, Stoves, &c.

At 11 o'clock a Fine Lot of Chromos, Elegantly Framed.

At our salesrooms, 23 and 25 Randolph-st.

REED, FLERSHEIM & CO., Auctioneers.

By FLETCHER & LAZEAR,

41, 43 and 45 East Randolph-st.

AUCTION SALE, ON SATURDAY NEXT,

At 10 o'clock, of Horses, Buggies, Carriages, Light Wagons, and a large lot of New Buggy Harness.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—$10 REWARD—TWO ITALIAN BOYS WHO play the fiddle; $5 each will be paid for their return to [illegible].

LOST—LAST EVENING, A LARGE PEARL Cross. Finder will please bring same, or send word, to K. W. BRIDGE, [illegible] Washington-st., and receive a reward.

LOST—ON TUESDAY EVENING, ON KINGSBURY-st., between Michigan and Huron-sts., a lady's gold pin, with chain and drop. Any person finding it, and leaving it at [illegible], will be liberally rewarded.

LOST—A PART OF A GOLD WATCH CHAIN, with a hound's head attached to same. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same to WM. DANNEILS, [illegible] South Canal-st.

LOST—ON LAST EVENING, A LADY'S GOLD [illegible] The finder will receive a suitable reward by returning it to Room 37, 128 State-st.

LOST—ON THE EXCURSION TO RIVERSIDE last Wednesday evening, [illegible] will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at [illegible] West Randolph-st.

FOUND—A RED COW ON THE 1ST ULT. THE owner can have her by paying all expenses. Call at [illegible].

STOLEN—RETURN THE PROPERTY—THE owner of certain Jewelry and Watch taken from the cottage of [illegible] will pay more for the return of same than any one else, and no questions asked. [illegible] Aug. 3, 1871.

STRAYED—A SMALL DARK RED COW, WITH [illegible] Left home on Sunday morning.

$10 REWARD—STRAYED, ON MONDAY, A 4-year old bay mare; [illegible] will be returned to [illegible] Cottage Grove-av.

PARTNERS WANTED.

PARTNER WANTED—WITH A CAPITAL OF from $1,000 to $5,000. [illegible] Anamosa, Jones County, Iowa. [illegible]

PARTNER WANTED—WITH $500 OR $600, TO take one-half interest in a thriving business. Call for three days at 151 South Peoria-st.

PARTNER WANTED—IN AN OLD-ESTABLISHED business; [illegible]

PARTNER WANTED—A YOUNG MAN, WITH [illegible]

PARTNERS WANTED—IN REAL ESTATE AND [illegible]

PARTNER WANTED—TO TAKE A CONTROLLING interest in a patent for the State of Illinois; [illegible]

INSTRUCTION.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, Pittsfield, Mass. [illegible] C. V. SPEAR, Principal.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. [illegible] OTIS BISBEE, A. M., Principal and Proprietor.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BY HENRY J. GOODRICH, 126 DEARBORN-st.: [illegible]

FOR SALE—VALUABLE IMPROVED PROPERTY: [illegible] S. E. HAYES, No. 1 Metropolitan Block.

FOR SALE OR LEASE—15 LOTS TO SUIT [illegible] E. HAYES, No. 1 Metropolitan Block.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—SOME NEW COTTAGES [illegible]

FOR SALE—25 FEET ON FORTY-FOURTH-ST., [illegible] JACOB WEIL, [illegible]

FOR SALE—MONTHLY PAYMENTS—LOTS ON [illegible] SPRAGG & CO., 125 Dearborn-st., Room 2.

FOR SALE—LOTS NEAR HUMBOLDT BOULEVARD [illegible] W. O. COLE, 130 Clark-st.

FOR SALE—HOUSES AND LOTS 42 AND 44 [illegible] E. E. CUMMINGS, [illegible]

FOR SALE—BY H. C. MOREY, 2 METROPOLITAN Block: [illegible]

FOR SALE—HOUSE AND LOT NO. [illegible] SOUTH [illegible]

FOR SALE—$6,000 WILL BUY THE ELEGANT [illegible]

FOR SALE—LOTS! LOTS! LOTS!—GREAT EXCITEMENT [illegible] STORRS & GRIFFIN, 103 Clark-st., Room 1.

FOR SALE—TWO HOUSES ON BLUE ISLAND-av. [illegible] J. C. PHILLIPS, 129 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—MICHIGAN-AV., FIFTY FEET BETWEEN Forty-second and Forty-third-sts., [illegible] ABELL & HOTCHKISS, [illegible] Washington-st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—100 FEET FRONT, CORNER Wabash-av. and Forty-second-st., [illegible] SCOVILLE & HARVEY, No. 1 Metropolitan Block.

FOR SALE—FINE MARBLE-FRONT RESIDENCE, on Wabash-av., at a great bargain. [illegible] AYRES & HOFF, Office 1, 16 Clark-st.

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN ON LONG TIME—LOTS on Mather and Polk-sts., between Desplaines and Halsted-sts. Inquire at 135 Dearborn-st., in Bank.

FOR SALE—HOUSE NO. 151 MATHER-ST., ON monthly payments; has all modern improvements. Inquire at 125 Dearborn-st., in Bank.

FOR SALE—THE CHEAPEST BARGAIN IN THE city, two good houses and lots. For particulars apply to J. B. TAYLOR, 12 Portland Block.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A PLEASANTLY-LOCATED BRICK residence, new and having all modern improvements, with barn, in Highland Park. [illegible] Apply to GEO. I. WATERMAN, Room 5, No. 99 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—A FINE BRICK [illegible]

FOR SALE—MONTHLY PAYMENTS—LOTS ON [illegible] F. A. BRAGG & CO., [illegible]

FOR SALE—$100 LOT—I WILL SELL FOR $100 [illegible]

FOR SALE—$25 WILL BUY A NICE LOT NEAR [illegible]

FOR SALE—$100 WILL BUY A GOOD HIGH DRY [illegible] IRA BROWN, 142 LaSalle-st., Room 4.

FOR SALE—OR TRADE FOR GOOD HOUSE AND [illegible]

FOR SALE—I WILL SELL A DESIRABLE PIECE of property, [illegible] WM. H. BECK, 24 Dearborn-st.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR FIRST-CLASS city property, a valuable farm, [illegible] J. G. BROWN, Tremont House.

FOR SALE—BEAUTIFUL HOMES IN A DELIGHTFUL location on Diversey and Wallace-sts. [illegible] OSTON, FRISBIE & CO., [illegible] Washington-st., Room 25.

FOR SALE—LAND—80 ACRES OFF FROM THE [illegible]

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—ONE OF THE BEST stock and hotel at Hubbard, Ill., [illegible] Washington-st., Room 15.

FOR SALE—160 ACRES LAND IN WISCONSIN, [illegible]

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR CITY PROPERTY, [illegible] L. D. HOARD, [illegible] Larrabee Block.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

WANTED—A 25 OR 30 FOOT LOT WEST OF Halsted and south of Madison-sts. (in the Jesuit Church Parish preferred) for $ or all cash. Only owners address M. J. McGRATH, 133 South Desplaines-st.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

17 PINE-ST.—A SUITE OF FRONT ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished, suitable for gentleman and wife or four single gentlemen; also, single and double rooms, furnished. Day boarders wanted.

18 ELDRIDGE-COURT—TWO NICELY FURNISHED front rooms, en suite, with first-class board, for gentleman and wife. References required.

47 CONGRESS-ST., BETWEEN STATE-ST. AND Wabash-av.—Five minutes' walk from Post Office. Pleasant rooms for two; also single rooms. Terms low.

73 EAST VAN BUREN-ST.—EXTRA NICE ACCOMMODATIONS for three gentlemen, at $6 per week. Day boarding a specialty. Location excellent. Call.

92 WEST MADISON-ST.—NEW BOARDING-house. First-class board, with single or double rooms, $4 to $5 per week, with use of piano.

284 MICHIGAN-AV.—A NEATLY FURNISHED parlor to rent, with board; also one single room. Very desirable.

296 AND 298 STATE-ST.—FURNISHED FRONT rooms, with board, for families, single ladies or gentlemen. [illegible]

304 WEST ADAMS-ST.—AN ELEGANT SUITE of front rooms, and one single room, to rent, with first-class board, in a private family. House has all modern improvements, and is in one of the best localities on the West Side. Best city references given and required.

366 OHIO-ST.—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS, with board. Single rooms, $6 and $7; double rooms, $11 to $13. Splendid view of the lake. Table first-class.

384 MICHIGAN-AV.—DELIGHTFULLY FURNISHED rooms to rent, with hot and cold water. Table excellent. References exchanged.

396 WEST RANDOLPH-ST.—BOARD IN A private family, with front room well furnished; large closet, &c. Also single rooms. Terms moderate. References exchanged.

506 WABASH-AV.—A SUITE OF DESIRABLE furnished rooms, with board. Also single room, with hot and cold water. References exchanged.

539 WABASH-AV.—TWO SUITES OF FRONT rooms to rent, furnished or unfurnished, for gentlemen and wives, with good board; also room for two single gentlemen.

659 WABASH-AV.—DESIRABLE FURNISHED rooms, with board, suitable for families and single gentlemen; also, one very large unfurnished room. References required.

GENTLEMEN AND WIVES, OR SINGLE GENTLEMEN, and ladies, who desire pleasant furnished rooms in suites or single, and first-class board, can be accommodated at the WOODS, corner of Hubbard Court and Wabash-av. Charges moderate.

LARGE FRONT ROOM, ELEGANTLY FURNISHED, to let, with board; to gent and wife, or two single gents; West Side, east of Union Park; private family. First-class references required. Address O 34, Tribune office.

TWO GENTS, OR GENTLEMAN AND WIFE, CAN find pleasant, well furnished rooms on the avenue, near Twenty-second-st. Terms moderate. Address F 38, Tribune office.

BOARD WANTED.

BOARD—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH BOARD FOR gentleman and wife, where there are no boarders; West Side preferred. Give terms and full description J 84, Tribune office.

BOARD—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, BY A GENTLEMAN and wife, where there are few or no other boarders. Address, with terms and location, for three days, B 70, Tribune office.

BOARD—BY A YOUNG MAN, IN A FAMILY where there are but few or no other boarders; West Side preferred. Address K 58, Tribune office.

BOARD—ON THE WEST SIDE, WITH NICELY-furnished room, by a young gentleman. Address, stating terms, [illegible], Tribune office.

BOARD—BY A YOUNG LADY IN A PRIVATE family; references given and required. Address [illegible], Tribune office.

BOARD—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, FOR GENTLEMAN, wife, and niece. Terms moderate. South Side preferred. Address, with particulars, M 69, Tribune office.

WANTED TO RENT.

WANTED—TO RENT—A FURNISHED HOUSE, from Sept. 1, in vicinity of Jefferson Park; references exchanged. Address, for 3 days, W 34, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A ROOM OR SUITE OF rooms, [illegible]

WANTED—TO RENT—A COTTAGE OR PART of a house in a good neighborhood south of Twenty-second-st. [illegible]

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—THREE HANDSOME WALNUT-TOP counters, 12 to 14 feet in length. Very cheap, at 133 West Madison-st.

FOR SALE—A LOT OF GLAZED OFFICE SASH and woodwork. [illegible] ALLEN & CO., [illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

WEED, SINGER, WHEELER & WILSON, AMERICAN, [illegible] C. K. ZIMMER.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—50 OR 60 GOOD STONE CUTTERS at Milwaukee Court House, [illegible]

WANTED—COOPERS—BY THE ST. LOUIS BARREL Works, [illegible]

WANTED—GOOD WAGES CAN BE MADE CANVASSING [illegible]

WANTED—AN ACTIVE MAN ACQUAINTED [illegible]

WANTED—GOOD SPEAKERS AND CANVASSERS, [illegible]

WANTED—A SALESMAN TO SELL VINEGAR [illegible] C. & B. FRIEDRICH, [illegible]

WANTED—50 MEN FOR IOWA, LEAVE TO-night; [illegible]

WANTED—2 NO. 1 MEN TO TAKE ORDERS [illegible]

WANTED—TO LEAVE TO-DAY—50 RAILROAD laborers for Gilman, Clinton, [illegible] ANDREW G. KING & CO.

WANTED—50 RAILROAD LABORERS FOR IN[illegible] A. F. ANDREWS.

WANTED—FOR SOUTHERN IOWA, 1,000 RAILROAD laborers; [illegible] E. F. CHRISTIAN, [illegible]

WANTED—2 SMART BOYS TO WAIT ON TABLE at St. Charles Restaurant, 35 South Clark-st.

WANTED—2 EXPERIENCED HANDS TO WORK [illegible] NORTON & FANCHER, [illegible]

WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED MAN OF GOOD [illegible] STORRS & GRIFFIN, [illegible]

WANTED—A STEADY YOUNG MAN, 18 TO 20 [illegible]

WANTED—A STEADY YOUNG MAN TO DRIVE [illegible]

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN ABOUT 18, QUICK [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD RESTAURANT COOK AT [illegible]

WANTED—10 GOOD CABINETMAKERS SPARE [illegible]

WANTED—30 RAILROAD LABORERS TO GO [illegible] A. ANGELL, [illegible]

WANTED—50 LABORERS, WAGES $2.25 PER [illegible]

WANTED—TO LEAVE THIS DAY—50 RAILROAD laborers. [illegible]

WANTED—SALESMEN—TO SELL THE NEW [illegible] KIMBALL & CO., [illegible] Dearborn-st., Room 5.

WANTED—A RELIABLE YOUNG MAN OF good address, [illegible]

WANTED—A BOY ABOUT 15 FOR AN OFFICE; [illegible]

Bookkeepers, Clerks, Etc.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS MAN TO TRAVEL for a stationery house. [illegible]

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN IN THE RETAIL grocery [illegible] ARTHUR DALTON, [illegible] South Halsted-st.

WANTED—CLERK FOR A COUNTRY HOTEL, [illegible] 47 Dearborn-st., Room 15.

WANTED—A GOOD BOOKKEEPER IN A GRAIN commission house [illegible]

WANTED—SALESMEN IN COUNTRY TOWNS to make $5 per day, selling the Pet Washer. [illegible] PET WASHER CO., [illegible] South Clark-st., Chicago.

Trades.

WANTED—TWO FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE smiths; steady employment. HYNES & MOORE, Quincy, Ill.

WANTED—A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHIC OPERATOR. [illegible] WILLIAMS, Havana, Ill.

WANTED—BARBERS—TWO FIRST-CLASS workmen; [illegible] DesMoines, Iowa.

WANTED—PHOTOGRAPH OPERATOR. ADDRESS immediately, stating terms, [illegible]

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS PICTURE FRAME maker at 128 Lake-st., up stairs.

WANTED—BLACKSMITH—A CARRIAGE IRONER [illegible] HATHAWAY'S Carriage Factory.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS ELECTROTYPE FINISHER. Apply at once to RAND, McNALLY & CO.

WANTED—5 OR 6 GOOD CARPENTERS AT 26 West Indiana-st., between 7 and 8 o'clock a. m. C. J. BEACH.

WANTED—CIGAR-MAKER—TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS [illegible] E. LOOMIS, 173 West VanBuren-st.

WANTED—A MAN WHO CAN CARVE AND work in the dining room. Apply at [illegible]

WANTED—HORSESHOERS—TWO FLOORMEN; none but first-class need apply. [illegible] Twenty-sixth-st. J. TRAINOR.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—ONE HEAD LAUNDRESS, 2 FIRST-class ironers. Apply at Briggs House.

WANTED—TWO GOOD WASHWOMEN; FOUR first-class shirt ironers, [illegible] Wabash-av. and Twenty-second-st. [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD HEALTHY WET NURSE for a child 2 months old. Apply at 113 West Eleventh-st., near Blue Island-av.

Domestics.

WANTED—A GIRL OR WOMAN TO COOK, wash and iron at 534 North LaSalle-st. [illegible]

WANTED—A NEAT, TIDY GIRL, TO DO GENERAL housework in a small family. Apply, for two days, at 264 West Harrison-st.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL; MUST BE A GOOD [illegible]

WANTED—TWO GIRLS TO DO THE WORK of a private family; [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO HOUSEWORK, [illegible]

WANTED—A SECOND GIRL AT 396 MICHIGAN-av. [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD COOK, WASHER, AND ironer at 288 Centre-av.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL housework at 186 Calumet-av.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework in a small family. [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK. Inquire at 183 Walnut-st.

WANTED—TWO GIRLS—ONE FOR COOK, washer, and ironer; [illegible] H. F. JENNISON.

WANTED—A GOOD SECOND GIRL. APPLY at 416 Wabash-av.

WANTED—ONE FIRST-CLASS CHAMBERMAID and 2 or 4 good laundry girls. Inquire at the Garden City House, [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO COOK AND DO GENERAL housework. [illegible]

WANTED—COMPETENT SECOND GIRL, nurse girls, and cooks. Apply to Mrs. WHITTAKER, 384 North Clark-st.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK at cottage 382 West Washington-st.; good references required.

WANTED—A COMPETENT COOK, WASHER, and ironer; none other need apply; German or Swede preferred. Call between 7 and 9 a. m. at 6 Hubbard-court.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK. Inquire at 287 South Paulina-st.

WANTED—A GOOD RELIABLE GIRL TO DO general housework for a small family. Apply at 263 West Washington-st., from 3 to 12.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, AT 107 WEST WASHINGTON-st., a first-class laundress; one that is not afraid of work.

WANTED—COOKS, LAUNDRESSES, DINING room and nurse girls; splendid places for good girls in city and country. New Intelligence Office, 133 Monroe-st.

WANTED—A GIRL WILLING TO WORK, COOK, wash, and iron; must be neat and tidy and furnish references. Apply to-day at 188 South Halsted-st.

WANTED—50 AMERICAN, GERMAN, AND Scandinavian girls, [illegible] City Intelligence Office, 93 Randolph-st., Room 7.

Seamstresses, Etc.

WANTED—4 GIRLS WHO UNDERSTAND WELL the running of Singer's New Family Sewing Machine; also six ladies to work at dressmaking, at 151 Ontario-st.

FINANCIAL.

BALDWIN, WALKER & CO., NO. 3 OTIS BLOCK, have money to loan for two, four, and six months, on real estate, secured paper, and first-class collaterals. Corner of Madison and LaSalle-sts.

COMMERCIAL AND REAL ESTATE PAPER PURCHASED. E. L. CANFIELD, 132 LaSalle-st.

MONEY TO LOAN—ON CHICAGO PROPERTY on current rates. Purchase-money mortgages wanted. SCOVILLE & HARVEY, No. 1 Metropolitan Block.

MONEY TO LOAN ON HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, [illegible] E. ROGERS, [illegible] Washington-st., Room 22.

MONEY TO LOAN—5, 12 AND 36 MONTHS ON [illegible] C. B. HAGERTY, [illegible] Clark-st., Room 10.

PRIVATE MONEY LOAN OFFICE—MONEY loaned on diamonds, watches, silver plate, pianos, and all kinds of valuable personal property. [illegible] Dearborn-st., Room 1, corner of Madison.

WANTED—$15,000 FOR A TERM OF YEARS, ON improved city property. No commission. [illegible]

WANTED—$5,000 AND $10,000 FOR 5 YEARS, [illegible] A. LIMBERG & CO., [illegible] Randolph-st., Room 4.

WANTED—LOAN OF $1,500 FOR 1 OR 2 YEARS; [illegible]

WANTED—TO BORROW $500 FOR ONE YEAR [illegible]

$2,500 TO LOAN FOR THREE OR FIVE years, on good city or suburban property. J. D. WALLACE, Room 18, 116 LaSalle-st.

$8,000 TO LOAN ON INSIDE CITY PROPERTY. D. COLE & SON, 140 LaSalle-st.

$35,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE IN or near Chicago at 8 and 9 per cent. J. H. BISSELL, Attorney, [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIVORCES LEGALLY OBTAINED FOR DESERTION, cruelty, drunkenness, etc. Scandal avoided. Fee after decree. Address P. O. Box 1037.

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL—A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS, [illegible] Address P. O. Box 54, Chicago, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE—A FARM IN CENTRAL Illinois, [illegible] C. M. CAUGHEY, [illegible]

WANTED—A MAN AND HIS WIFE TO GO 18 [illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE GENTLEMAN'S 18 carat new American watch, [illegible]

WANTED—A GENTLEMAN WITH $1,000 FOR [illegible]

WANTED—FOR GREEN BAY, WIS., 25 MEN TO [illegible]

WANTED—DINING ROOM STOOLS AT 69 WEST Madison-st.

WANTED—TO BUY FOR CASH, LADIES AND Gents' cast-off clothing, [illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED—AS STREET CAR [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A CIVIL AND [illegible] Tribune office.

Bookkeepers, Clerks, Etc.

SITUATION WANTED—A CLERK BY A [illegible] P. O. Box 77, Chicago.

SITUATION WANTED—A STEADY MAN [illegible] Metropolitan Hotel.

SITUATION WANTED—AS [illegible]

Salesmen.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A TRAVELING salesman, [illegible]

Trades.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A [illegible] W. H. PETTERSON & VFAUDER, [illegible]

Coachmen, Etc.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY MAN AND [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A STEADY [illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED—AS WET NURSE [illegible]

Domestics.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GERMAN GIRL [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—AS WET NURSE. [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN ENGLISH GIRL [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG WOMAN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A [illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY TWO [illegible] German girls [illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FOR SWEDE [illegible] Line's Agency for Family Help, [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG LADY [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GIRL IN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GIRL [illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A RARE CHANCE—INTERNATIONAL [illegible] WOOD & CO., Auctioneers, [illegible]

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR A [illegible] at the SAFE STORE, [illegible]

A FIRST-CLASS HARNESS SHOP FOR SALE; [illegible]

A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY FOR SALE; [illegible]

FIRST-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE FOR SALE. [illegible]

I AM TRAVELING THROUGH [illegible]

ONE OF THE FINEST LADIES AND GENTS' [illegible]

SALOON AND FIXTURES FOR SALE CHEAP. [illegible]

SMALL JOB PRINTING OFFICE FOR SALE. [illegible]

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE, A CHANCE [illegible]

$300 WILL BUY MY COMMISSION [illegible]

$500 RETIRING PARTNER IN A PAYING [illegible]

$6,000 WILL BUY A FIRST-CLASS [illegible]

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

BUSINESS ASSISTANCE—HAVE CASH TO [illegible]

FOR SALE—FINE PAIR OF MATCHED [illegible]

FOR SALE—OR TRADE—A LIGHT BAY HORSE [illegible]

FOR SALE—A GOOD HARNESS [illegible] THAYER & CO., [illegible] Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—ALL KINDS OF BUGGIES [illegible]

FOR SALE—[illegible]

HORSES AND [illegible] FOR THE [illegible]

WE WILL MAKE CASH ADVANCES [illegible]

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY [illegible] FLETCHER & LAZEAR.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—A FINE 2-STORY FRAME HOUSE [illegible]

TO RENT—BRICK HOUSE, [illegible] MICHIGAN [illegible] J. KERFOOT, [illegible]

TO RENT—NEW BUILDING [illegible]

TO RENT—NO. [illegible] E. B. CUMMINGS, Room 18, [illegible]

TO RENT—A NEAT HOUSE [illegible]

TO RENT—OR FOR SALE—FURNISHED [illegible] C. TUNNICLIFF, Room 1, [illegible] Dearborn-st.

TO RENT—ON MICHIGAN-AV., NEAR [illegible]

TO RENT—FURNISHED HOUSE, WITH [illegible] M. L. PEARCE, [illegible]

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, ETC.

TO RENT—STORE—THE WHOLE OR PART OF [illegible]

TO RENT—STORES AND OFFICES IN THE [illegible] FIRE-PROOF BUILDING. [illegible]

TO RENT—STORE, WITH DWELLING, IN [illegible]

TO RENT—STORE COR. NORTH CLARK AND Franklin-sts., [illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS WITH POWER IN BRICK building, cor. Lake and Jefferson-sts.

TO RENT—IN MY BUILDING [illegible]

TO RENT—BARN IN THE REAR OF [illegible]

TO RENT—DESK-ROOM; CENTRAL; PLEASANT; nicely furnished, and cheap, [illegible]

TO RENT—IN C. L. JENKS' BUILDING, [illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS AT 124 LASALLE-st. Inquire of Mrs. DRAKE, formerly of the Monroe Building.

TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS [illegible]

TO RENT—SEVEN ROOMS IN NEW BUILDING, [illegible]

TO RENT—A PLEASANT ROOM, NICELY FURNISHED [illegible]

TO RENT—HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED ROOMS [illegible]

TO RENT—PLEASANTLY-FURNISHED ROOMS [illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED. Apply 80 State-st., [illegible] Palmer House.

TO RENT—THE UPPER PART OF HOUSE [illegible]

TO RENT—VERY DESIRABLE ROOMS, [illegible]

TO RENT—THE SECOND FLOOR [illegible]

MACHINERY.

AMES' ENGINES, PORTABLE, 4 TO 40-HORSE power. [illegible] COLLINS EATON, Agent, [illegible] South Canal-st.

BLANDY'S STATIONARY AND PORTABLE ENGINES, [illegible] F. W. NORTHROP, Agent.

FOR SALE—ONE 6-FOOT 30-INCH SWING [illegible] W. A. JAMES & CO.

FOR SALE—ONE 10-FOOT [illegible]

FOR SALE—WE SOLD AT A BARGAIN [illegible]

FOR SALE—WALKER'S [illegible]

THE LOGIC OF LOVE.

NO. VII.

"Love! It is but a pretty synonym for all kinds of cravings, egotisms, jealousies, and vicious desires!"

So vague, indefinite, and contradictory has the term "Love" been rendered by misapplication that it may mean anything and everything variable, contradictory, and inexplicable; nevertheless, it has but one meaning, and its name is Happiness. Any so-called Love that tortures is but the impish prototype of the beautiful angel whose mission is peace and joy and the life everlasting. The genuine Love does not suffer from neglect, for the reason that it has no self to be wounded. It delights in ministering to the object beloved, and as its purpose is not mere self-gratification it has no complaint that it is not sufficiently loved or served. It is an angel that gives, and not a beggar that stands waiting to receive. The soul attains to this perfect love by the gradations of many spurious loves, that are each separate and distinct phases of self-love. The frenzies of passion that are induced by ministering to what is selfish in men's natures are not so despicable as might be at first supposed; for they are the alphabetic mysteries of love, and are as necessary to the heart as the primer is to a child. There are many who never go beyond the rudiments of this heart-education; yet there are others whom experience molds into men and angels.

First love, with its flowering extravagance, its wilful perfumed selfish glory, is truly the blossom-time of existence. It is the efflorescence of a nature whose longings are intense, and whose self-control has had neither exercise nor development. It revels in desire, yet has no thought of sacrifice; since its very self-abnegation is not sacrifice but only the ecstasy of giving joyously that which it were pain to withhold. Every soul has its first love, its "fond, foolish, happy time" when the skies are blue and the earth is green, and life is all [illegible] ... depends largely upon [illegible] that cherishes it.

You have seen the [illegible] the springtime, upon [illegible] first love is this blo[illegible] extravagance of gale[illegible] when these blossom[illegible] love is dead, and the [illegible] unsatisfying, dwarfe[illegible] fruit. Upon this [illegible] shines, and, in due [illegible] develop into rich, ri[illegible] ly colored by sun[illegible] searching frost, and [illegible] perfection.

[illegible]

[illegible] The worst has not come since we left." Poverty may bring privation: "But better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

[illegible] love can exercise so potent an influence under circumstances so adverse as [illegible] our humanity, what must be [illegible] of being forever surrounded by those [illegible] in the midst of an innumerable company of angels who delight only in [illegible] good and bestowing happiness [illegible] sickness, pain, or death [illegible]

THE BATTLE OF THE OCTOGENARIANS.

Lord Chief Justice Campbell versus Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

It is not true that dead men tell no tales. Lord John Campbell, biographer of English Lord Chancellors, waited not only till the victims of his spite, Lyndhurst and Brougham, were dead, but till he himself had shuffled off his mortal coil, before he told his story. Lyndhurst did the same thing about some of his contemporaries, which his surviving friends judiciously suppressed; and now comes Lord Brougham, in the second volume of his autobiography, not yet republished here, hammering away upon the heads of his foes long after the bruiser and the bruised have been food for worms. The question whether, in a grave historical work, Lord John Campbell, actuated by malice prepense, did knowingly falsify facts about two of his predecessors on the woolsack, has been fiercely debated in England, and it is worth, from its surroundings if not for itself, a fair notice in this country. Let us introduce what we have to say about it by a scene from real life.

Twenty years ago this summer, toward the close of an afternoon, there stood chatting together, in an anteroom of the House of Lords, two men, who, in different spheres of action, but during nearly the same period of time, had occupied in their day the attention of England and the world. They were Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke of Wellington. The "Old Duke," as he was familiarly called, was three years only the senior of his companion, though he looked ten. His withered frame and stooping posture contrasted unfavorably with the manly figure and upright bearing of the brilliant ex-Chancellor,—styled, even then, the "Nestor of the Peers,"—who years afterwards, when he had rounded four score, was able for two successive hours to command the unbroken attention of a crowded house to his speeches; but the Duke's mind was as clear and his will as firm as it had been at Waterloo. That was a marked year—the year of the great exhibition of 1851. The Crystal Palace was daily filled with wondering crowds. McCormick's reaper, Colt's revolvers, and Goodyear's vulcanized India rubber fabrics had called, for the first time, careful attention to the industrial peculiarities of the United States. George Peabody had inaugurated his humanitarian career by the brilliant assembly at Willis' Rooms, or, rather, was about to inaugurate it, the invitations having been given, and the Old Duke having consented to attend. Abbott Lawrence, most princely of Ambassadors, generously dispensed hospitality at his spacious mansion in Piccadilly. Prince Albert, then at the top of his popularity, was the leading spirit of social and classical England. The Queen was the idol of the nation; the country was prosperous; the Great Exhibition a success; Europe at peace, its rulers dining on whitebait at Greenwich or hobnobbing at Windsor Castle; and a state of millennial brotherhood over the civilized world believed to be in the immediate future.

While Lyndhurst and the Duke were talking, Lords St. Leonards and Cranworth, both ex-Chancellors, the former (better known to history as Edward Burtenshaw Sugden), at this time 70 years, as now at 90, the most profound of lawyers—the latter in his sixtieth—entered the ante-room, and at the same moment Lord Brougham, tall, gaunt and awkward, swung himself in the midst of the group through a door nearly opposite. The last was in his 73d year, while, but a few steps distant, in his robes, upon the bench of the Queen's Court leading out of Westminster Hall, as Lord Chief Justice of England, sat John Campbell, then 70 afterward to be himself also Keeper of the Great Seal.

"You, Lyndhurst, will accept, of course?" for it was upon the grand Peabody idea of bringing together at a costly festival alienated mother and daughter that the conversation ran; "you are an American, and can't decline!" said Lord St. Leonards.

"Not I," replied Lord Lyndhurst; "I stick to my dying speech when Peel went out, at the close of my public, almost my natural, life, and no longer cultivate the humanities of society."

"But they say the Duke goes," interposed Lord Brougham; "and if he, why not we all, *dis geniis iidem pares*?"

"Yes," responded Wellington, in a voice reduced to the treble of age. "The American Minister captured me and I surrendered. It is a good thought, though, that of the city merchant, and ought to be encouraged."

"And it is encouraged," added Lord Cranworth. "All the world goes. There isn't a woman of fashion in London who is not on the card. It will be the affair of the season."

This conversation, almost literally repeated as it took place, occupied but a minute or two, and the persons engaged in it passed through the lobby to the House of Lords.

Five of the six distinguished men here named, whom once in a lifetime to have seen together in a group—the Lord Chief Justice absent, indeed, but within voice-call—is no common event, have since passed away. Lyndhurst, who talked readily, and drank his bottle of port daily at dinner up to the last, died when he had gone past his 90th year. Brougham, who, whatever may be said of his temper, retained his natural vigor to the end, and when he fell away was on the edge of four score and ten. Campbell expired in office, holding fast the Chancellor's silk gown and full-bottom wig, at the age of 81. Lord Cranworth has but more recently departed, lacking a year only of the "woolsack minimum age," four-fifths of 100 years. The Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle in 1852, at the age of 83. Lord St. Leonards, now in his 91st year, alone survives. As if not to be outdone by any of his friends who have stepped off the stage before him, during the last season, in the most readable book of the day, to men who have heads gray enough to warrant a claim to thirty-five years of literary recollections, entitled "Misrepresentations in Campbell's Lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham," he has written, in clear, pithy, pungent English, his frank opinion of Lord Campbell's intellect, temper, and honesty.

The jealousy of the Lord Chief Justice was a topic of table-talk for many years. He liked no present, past, nor possible competitor. He counted his enemies by scores. At the chancery bar and in common law, in stuff gowns and silk, among members of the Lower House and Peers of the realm, Attorney Generals, Solicitor Generals, Masters of the Rolls, and present and past Chancellors—everywhere and every one he found cause for hate. If the Massachusetts manufacturer, who took a *quintal* of dried codfish in the rumble of his carriage, as he posted with his family from Rome to Naples, in order that he might not lose his Sunday breakfast, fairly earned the appellation of *snob*, Campbell, who, from Jock Campbell on his first circuit to Lord Chancellor Campbell on the woolsack, carried about wherever he went offensive and intolerable jealousies, as fairly earned the *same*. He loved nobody. He disliked most. But Lyndhurst and Brougham he cordially hated. The former made his listeners merry over the pomposity of the head of Westminster Hall, and the latter was his marvelous legal persecutor. Mention Lord Campbell's name, and a smile played over the visage of Lyndhurst, who delighted to sport with his weaknesses and render him ludicrous. In fact, in spite of his industry, Campbell was a butt to the leaders at the bar, and a mark for ridicule to men of letters. Brougham calls him "an ambitious scholar, stupified by vanity," and so he was.

To those who are not familiar with English personal history of late years, it may seem strange that Lord St. Leonards should enter the lists in defence of his former rivals. Edward Sugden and Henry Brougham more than once had exchanged in parliamentary debate words of high disdain. The latter, even after he had become a Peer of the realm, had described in the House of Lords—as none but Henry Brougham could describe—with inexpressible loathing, "the crawling ways and vermiform propensities" of his antagonist, to which Sugden had replied in the House of Commons in such manly terms as won for him the sympathy of all generous Englishmen. For a time there was fierce enmity between the great chancery lawyer and the Keeper of the Seals. Neither recognized the other in society, and neither alluded in debate to the other except in general terms and with bated breath. Brougham, however, knew himself to be chiefly in fault and had the courage to say so. He made an apology to Sugden, as they met in the club nearly six months afterward, as handsome in its manner as the insult had been galling in its tone. Gathering himself up, and turning half way, he said: "Well, I think when a man feels that he has done wrong, the sooner he says so the better." Sugden met him more than half way, went up to him, gave him his hand, and said: "I am much obliged to you and I shall never again think upon what has passed." It was no hollow reconciliation. A life-long friendship commenced thereupon. Many years afterwards, when Brougham heard that Sugden (then Lord St. Leonards) had declined the Great Seal a second time, he laid hold of both his arms in the House of Lords and, with tears in his eyes, urged him to retract his refusal.

Lord Campbell tells a story of the earlier differences between the two barristers. It was when Brougham was Lord Chancellor, and Sir Edward Sugden was making an argument before him. Brougham had the habit of writing letters on the bench, reading them, [illegible] and despatching answers, [illegible] This habit was particularly offensive to Sugden, who suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, while the Chancellor was writing. After a considerable pause, the Chancellor, without raising his eyes from the paper, said: "Go on, Sir Edward, I am listening to you." Sugden: "I observe that your Lordship is engaged in writing and not favoring me with your attention." Chancellor: "I am signing papers of mere form. You may as well say I am not to blow my nose or take snuff while you speak." Sir Edward sat down in a huff, but the Lord Chancellor never afterward had letters brought into court. It was well known, however, that he always continued to write letters in court as long as he was on the bench, which letters, dropped on the floor, were taken away quietly by a messenger and dispatched.

Between St. Leonards and Lyndhurst, also, there existed strong friendship. The minds and training of the two were dissimilar. The speeches of the latter, characterized by power, brilliancy, bitterness and sarcasm, which had so much to do in restoring Sir Robert Peel to power in 1841, had in them no elements to arouse envy in the mind of a profound lawyer like St. Leonards. The disturbing causes which ordinarily produce misunderstandings between public men did not exist with these. They were never rivals, never political enemies, never in each other's way.

It is for this reason probably—the reason of strong personal friendship that existed between Lord St. Leonard and the two distinguished Peers—that the former undertakes at his advanced age to defend the characters of both Brougham and Lyndhurst from aspersions thrown upon them in the last (and posthumous) volume of Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors."

Lord Campbell's history is unique. The son of a Scotch clergyman, born in 1781, and educated with a view to clerical pursuits at the University of St. Andrew, he resolved to seek fame and fortune at the English bar. His talents won him a prominent place among advocates, but his politics not being of a color grateful to Lord Eldon he was not, until 1832, admitted within the bar. In 1832 he was appointed Solicitor General, and accepted in 1841 the Chancellorship of Ireland. In 1850, on the retirement of Lord Denman from the bench, he was installed as Lord Chief Justice of England, and was subsequently made Lord Chancellor.

Entertaining a respect for Lord Bacon's maxim, that every man should be a debtor to his profession, Lord Campbell employed his leisure for many years in writing the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal." Since his decease, five years ago, the last volume has been published, and has reached a second edition. It contains the lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham. He who, as a plodding lawyer, after acquiring preferment disproportionate to his deserts, was raised by patient industry to the woolsack, writes the memoirs of the two brightest men who, in these latter times, have held the Great Seal of England, with whom he was at life-long variance. Lord Campbell was essentially atrabilious. He never pardoned a rival, and never forgave a joke. From the day when, having come down from the House of Lords in Lady Lyndhurst's carriage, to attend, with Brougham and Lyndhurst, the great banquet given by the benchers of the Inner Temple to the retiring Chancellor, he heard the former in his panegyric on the virtues of Lyndhurst raise a laugh by saying, in allusion to Lord Campbell's biographic labors, that "to our expiring Chancellor death was now armed with new terrors." There was no forgiveness possible. Incapable of pleasantry himself, he could never forgive it in others. That hour he planned his revenge. He would add the lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst to his works. At this task he worked for many years. There was no gossip too pungent, no tattle too malicious, for his use. The biographies are from end to end narratives of flippancy and scandal. Lord Campbell was went to profess that he delayed publication out of an amiable wish to print nothing during the lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst that could embitter their later years. It was more the result of prudence, however, than of kindness. The dread of the consequences of a premature publication caused the postponement. Had the volume appeared during Campbell's life, while the two ex-Chancellors were in a condition to reply, it would have brought on the author—and he knew it—a bitter chastisement.

Nothing is more amusing than to learn from these volumes—what the most audacious friend of the author never suspected before—that awkward, plodding, canny John Campbell considered himself Lord Lyndhurst's rival. Lord Brougham used to chuckle over Campbell's egotism. It was "nuts" for him to solemnly quiz the Lord Chief Justice in the Lords. But even his high spirits and keen scent failed to comprehend what was really true. The mirth of the Benchers would have been louder still had Henry Brougham prophesied at the Inner Temple that John Campbell would write "that, though he (Brougham) and Lopley were smart talkers and men of parts, they were greatly inferior to the historian of the Chancellors and Chief Justices of England."

"Lyndhurst, John Singleton Copley, Lord," as Burke's Peerage styles him, was as a member of the House of Lords, the most varied in accomplishments and brilliant in debate of any man since the days of the younger Pitt. At the age of more than 80 years, he was by far the most effective of Parliamentary speakers in either House. His style, classical and severely simple, owing much of its charm to the very absence of ornament, whilst showing marks of careful preparation, was captivating in the extreme. The poise of a Brutus head upon Herculean shoulders, a fine person, dignified bearing and graceful address, added to a melodious voice, whose distinct articulation and silvery tone drew the fast attention even of those who failed to comprehend the argument, gave him great advantages in debate. Upon the defeat of Sir Robert Peel's ministry in 1835, during the short life of whom Lyndhurst had held the Great Seal for the fourth time, he became most formidable as Opposition leader. Indeed, his speeches, characterized by power, brilliancy, bitterness and logic, particularly his annual resume of each session accompanied by a sarcastic and withering commentary on the smallness of ministerial results, exercised an enormous influence in reinstating and restoring to power the conservative party. No sweeter speaker, or more cogent logician, or keener debater, or impassioned orator, or better classical scholar ever held the attention of the crowded benches, doorways and galleries of the House of Lords, [illegible] fixed for hours, than did the son of John Singleton Copley, the American portrait painter, when approaching his four score and tenth year. His morals good, his character above reproach, his social life full of the milk of human kindness, his temper genial, his friends numerous and devoted, his family proud of the achievements of his life and most tender in their uninterrupted regards, and his dependents clinging to old memories of, and affections for, their head with a fidelity never exceeded. Lord Lyndhurst's old age, almost beyond example, was accompanied by

"Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Now, in contradistinction from this picture, either Lord Campbell is an arch calumniator, or Lord Lyndhurst was the meanest, falsest and most profligate person who ever held the great seal. The son of an eminent artist, he was, if Lord Campbell be truthful, so unreasonably ashamed of his family that he forebore to make any mention of his father in the fictitious pedigree he sent for publication in the Peerages; that, mortified at his birth in America, he was so hurt when Daniel O'Connell called him "an alien, liable to be reclaimed as a refugee Yankee," as to attempt to deny his origin; that, as he was never known as a poet in after life, verses he composed at the age of 15 are suspected to be a plagiarism; that, although a Fellow of Trinity and second wrangler, he was possessed of no literary taste; that while a liberal patron of genius, he had a great contempt for authorship and would rather have starved than degrade himself by it; that, though his relations with his first wife were affectionate, there were jealousies and bickerings between them which caused much talk and amusement; that the first Lady Lyndhurst, though a brilliant woman of fashion, was so imprudent that the talk about her was always disparaging, and the second Lady Lyndhurst, a beautiful Jewess, although she tried to become a leader in society, preserved an unsuspected reputation, and took devoted care of her husband, who, notwithstanding the juvenility of his mind and habits, was fast sinking into the vale of years; that though a genial talker, he habitually slandered his friends; that though possessed of fine features and a classic face he had a sinister smile of great cunning and malignity; and that, though generally humorous, he lacked the elements of genuine wit. Nothing is too trivial to escape the notice of the embittered biographer. When past the age of 70 we are told that Lord Lyndhurst affected to be a *roué* and proposed to visit Paris *en garçon*. His irregularities left him no sap to inherit his title. He was destitute of fortune, and from his annual allowance was scarcely able to save enough to make decent provision for his daughter. His attendants at table were often Sheriff's officers in his own house, whom he bribed to put on livery. He frequented houses of ill-fame, but largely on [illegible], went in disguise to the Argyle rooms and Coal Hole, kept his mistress, and visited her during the honeymoon of his second marriage, acted the part of a *petit* [illegible] in Paris, and applied his mind to study only when his body was exhausted by dissipation and his passions satiated with pleasure.

With Lord Lyndhurst's political and judicial reputation, his biographer is no less severe. He is represented to have been ignorant of law and indolent in practice. In the Court of Exchequer, he never gave his mind to business, and as Master of the Rolls sat as seldom, rose as early, and did as little as possible. When Lord Chancellor he was chiefly remarkable for hiding his incapacity by ingenious expedients. His very best judgment, pronounced in Westminster Hall, was reversed because he had come to a wrong conclusion on the merits, and he did not mix himself in ignominious errors, not because of his ability, but because Bagley, his puisne, told him which way to decide.

With the life of Brougham Lord Campbell is still more severe. There was a reason for it. The wit of Lyndhurst, like a Damascus sabre, was glittering, and did its execution gracefully. Brougham's was a Highland battle-axe, beating its victim to the ground while it clove its way inward to the life. Campbell, who laughed at neither, and could return neither, forgot more easily the adroit thrust than the crushing blow. Lord Brougham, virtually sums up the incensed biographer, accomplished nothing as a statesman, and extended no bounds of human knowledge by philosophical discoveries. His writings display little else than marvelous fertility, and his speeches, which, when delivered, nearly set the world on fire, when perused in print cause disappointment and weariness. Though born in Edinburgh, he hated a Scotch origin and training. The most unscrupulous of Liberals, he became the most bigoted of Tories; and pretending to descend from the old stock of the de Vaulx, he really came from a plebeian race of Westmoreland graziers. He was insincere in private life and hypocritical in public. By nature a sham, he became so addicted to deception that he told untruths until he himself believed them. His learning was specious, his fame good luck, and his professions of honesty charlatanry. His literary discussions touched everything and adorned nothing. In physics he was a failure, in law an illogician, and in statesmanship a humbug. He spoke several modern languages, or pretended to speak them, but they were all alike, *Broughese*. His great speech in defence of Queen Caroline, considered by himself the most wonderful effort of genius recorded in the annals of oratory, is stilted and affected, tame and vapid, turgid and declamatory. In the House of Lords, "less prudent than Lord Lyndhurst, who was cautious not to provoke the Lord Chief Justice," Brougham was reckless and dictatorial, until "I boldly stood up to him and taught him to respect me."

But enough. We have given, in condensed form, the spirit of these biographies. Jealousies have been the bane of brain in every age. The names of Pompey and Caesar, Brutus and Julius, Halifax and Marlborough, Walpole and Godolphin, Chatham and Lord Bute, Fox and Pitt, Hamilton and Burr, Clay and Webster, will occur to every reader. Unscrupulous means used to undermine the reputation of a rival have soiled many a great man's escutcheon. But there is no page in all history that records a lower meanness than that to which Lord Campbell has descended. He lacked the audacity, while living, to assail the living, or, still living, to attack the dead. His poisoned arrow lay in the groove of the bent crossbow, to be sped only when assailed and assailed had been passed upon at the Grand Assize across the river. Let us hope that men get their deserts there. The dead man deserves no pity who defames dead men from his grave.

N. S. D.

From Harper's Weekly.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

BY W. M. CARLETON.

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-pint struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feed,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a loven'er man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and I give my curses wing!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll sometime rue this day;
She'll come to learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she will sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she'll not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in Heaven a spell!

Good-by! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as you used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if only it could be so,
As happy and gay as I was half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this ain't a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

Fleas.

Whence came the flea? or, using the language of the Evolutionists, through what chain of being can we trace the flea to its origin? Some trace the descent of fleas from a remote and very unsavory origin, but we will rest content with a more romantic legend.

Among the Kurds a tradition is preserved that when Noah's Ark sprang a leak, by striking against a rock in the vicinity of Mount Ararat, and Noah despaired altogether of safety, the serpent promised to help him out of his mishap if he would engage to feed him upon human flesh after the deluge had subsided. Noah pledged himself to do so, and the serpent coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture and stopped the leak. When the glorious sunshine was beheld, and all were making their way out of the ark, the serpent insisted upon the fulfilment of the pledge he had received. Noah, by Gabriel's advice, committed the serpent to the flames, and scattering the ashes to the air, there arose from them fleas, lice, bugs, and all such vermin [illegible] Noah's pledge redeemed. [illegible]

LONDON.

Living English Poets—Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Swinburne, the Rossettis, Arnold, Woolner, Horne, Eliot, Ingelow.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

London, July 10.

The publication of a volume of criticisms upon living English poets, by a Mr. H. B. Forman, gives an opportunity for a better treating of a few of the brilliant lights of English poetic literature. There is a vast deal more of poetry in this age than the average society supposes.

THE POET LAUREATE.

Perhaps no living poet is more isolated than Tennyson. In publication after publication one sees poems of which the models are "Dora," "The Gardener's Daughter," and "The Brook." Among the over-conscientious, as Mr. Forman observes, there has lately come up a fashion of ignoring the magnitude of his claims because of the falling off—which it is impossible not to recognize—in much of his late work; but nothing can annul what he has done. He leads the ideal life of the poet. His beautiful residence on the Isle of Wight is enough to inspire the dullest with active imaginings. Mr. Tennyson goes little into the world, but he has a circle of dear friends, in whose companionship he drops the taciturnity which characterizes him among strangers. He looks something of the old man. There are deep lines on his face, and his shaggy hair is gray. He has always been a Liberal in his thought, and has sympathized with the progressive movements of his time. Of late he has conceived a violent dislike of the Positivist system of philosophy, and has much interested himself in opposing it; but in so doing he acts in accordance with the spirit of his works. A poet may seem out of place at the meetings of the Metropolitan Physical Society (at which Tennyson is frequently found), but on the idealization of the intellectual phases of life, such experience is valuable. Tennyson is not an idol of the country, but his constituency is large, and of enemies he has none.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I was in the society of the author of "The Ring and The Book" a short time since—the rest of the company without exception being men who were famous in literature and art. The talk wandered over men and things that were wide-apart, and the brilliant men spoken were many, but throughout all the conversation Mr. Browning was ever on the generous-hearted side. I did not hear him say a single hard word, but I did hear him say very many tender ones. Where he could not absolutely approve, he suggested an excuse. He was all geniality and heartiness. I never met a more agreeable man. In person, he is of the middle size and well made. His face is large and jolly-looking, with none of the "rapt" enthusiasm which some expect to see. His blue eye and the hearty expression of his features give one no idea of his penetrating method. In his works he has followed a course so strikingly original that mere imitations of his would be excessively difficult to effect, though, at the same time, there is scarcely a living poet of rank in whose works Browning's influence may not be clearly discerned. Browning's plays have not succeeded as works for the stage, his drama "Strafford" having failed, even under Macready's auspices. His plays, though dramatic in character, are so subtle in some of the actions and indications as to require, at times, a not inconsiderable mental effort to catch the result intended to be conveyed, and that will not do for the theatre. But every year Browning's works are better known, and the new one announced is waited for impatiently. No doubt it will soon "pay." His son and only child is, I am glad to say, strong and healthy, and at his university is somewhat distinguished for his proficiency in athletic sports. It is a little singular that this child of two poets himself displays no faculty for melodious verse, and is not, indeed, in any way a remarkable youth.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

In an ironmonger's shop in London you may see, if you have any business requiring a reference to the ledger, the author of "George Geith" and other successful novels, sitting at a desk, and ready to treat with you shrewdly for hatchets or nails. Are you wanting furniture for your rooms, you cannot do better than get it at the establishment of the poet, and who, of all living men, excels in processional splendor of descriptiveness and in tale-singing of the more exquisite order. His works treat largely of action, incident, external form and color, and are enriched by force, sweetness, and propriety of expression. Putting aside the question of relative merits in the various tales, it is not too much to say that the whole "Earthly Paradise" is such a work as cannot be found in modern literature, regarded as a repertory of Aryan myth, tradition, and legend. Founded almost exclusively on tales current at different epochs among nations of the great Indo-European family, this work is a more complete and homogeneous collection of the myths and traditions of that family than any one bard has yet got together and fused into a luxurious and beautiful form. The world would be astonished if it knew that this refined artist does not despise the duties of a tradesman's life.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

That Mr. Swinburne is now able to drive about as I saw him doing a few days ago, is a sufficient disproof of some of the stories in circulation respecting his alleged imprudence of living, but he certainly looks like a wreck of youth rather than the vigorous type. Excessively weak and pale, he is the opposite in body as well as mind, to Mr. Browning. Needless to say that many of his works give the impression of a mind completely in abandon—not merely loosed from the thraldom of superstition, King-worship and priest-fear, but from all ties of whatever nature that bind men within the seeming bounds of decency and tolerance. His last productions have been republican in sentiment, but democracy shrinks from association with him. Mr. Swinburne has done infinitely more harm than good by his works, and no amount of genius can make that saying acceptable.

At a dinner which was lately given to Professor Jowett by a distinguished body of University men, the Reverend Doctor, in returning thanks, gave a list of eminent men who had been students of Balliol College. Presently a voice said in a low tone "Swinburne." The Professor went on without taking any notice, when the same voice said again, "Swinburne, Swinburne." "No! no!" observed the Professor softly, and with a deprecating gesture of his hand, and proceeded with his speech. Significant of a man's standing, when a scholar of such breadth as Professor Jowett disclaims him as a creditable son of his college!

DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI AND CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

These gifted Italians have acquired an honorable fame as English poets—the former in the space of two or three years only. Dante Rosetti, two years ago, was known as a poet but to a few friends, and, perhaps, some scattered *illuminati* of the art. To those, however, who are intimately acquainted with the pre-Raphaelite movement from its commencement, he has always assumed the position of its leader, both in painting and literature, notwithstanding the comparative vagueness of ideas conveyed by his name to a public, in whose ears the names of Holman Hunt, Millais, and others, are sounds of no small significance. Beyond the limits of a small circle, he is, indeed, even as to art, to all intents and purposes, palpably connected with it by no other means than a few book-illustrations. "The Blessed Damosel" was first published in a periodical called *The Germ* in 1850, and afterward in the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, in 1856, with considerable modifications. "My Sister's Sleep" was published in *The Germ* and "The Border of Nineveh," and "The Staff and Scrip," in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. In 1868, Mr. Swinburne transcribed three exquisite sonnets for his Royal Academy pamphlet. Such was the hidden poet, concerning whose works one scarcely ever met a word in print, until simultaneously with a rumor that he was about to issue a volume, the sixteen marvelous sonnets "Of Life, Love and Death," appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, and were allowed to pass almost unheeded by the critical "faculty." But at length the long-withheld poems may be in all men's hands. Beside the reprints named, we have "Dante at Verona" and a great deal that is even more important. Much of the volume may be characterized as thoroughly Italian—especially a division of the book, fifty sonnets and eleven songs, part of a work to be called "The House of Life." In these sonnets, deep themes of life and love, of death and ultimate hope, are set to a music utterly new to our English ears. Throughout Mr. Rosetti's poems may be found an ever new variety of subject, and an ever constant presence of the author's fresh individuality of workmanship—new thoughts always crowding the pages in forms of unfamiliar beauty. He is the centre of a choice set of friends, and no literary influence could be better than his.

Miss Christina Rosetti has not produced any one work of great dimensions, or even of great scope in small dimensions; but her two little volumes constitute not only a choice contribution to real poetry, but also a significant fact in the history of female literature. It is now five years since her last little delicate offering of verse was issued, but she has written a novelette, called "Commonplace," which is thoroughly refined in workmanship. Another story by her, entitled "The Waves of this Troublesome World," is spoiled by a narrow sectarianism. The moral is, —"You should not leave the Church of England to marry a Methodist, and become a Methodist yourself; but if you do so, and your husband and child both die, you must take these facts as gentle chastisements of the Good Shepherd, whose will is that there be but one fold, and you must return accordingly to the bosom of the Established Church." This is wretched stuff.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, THOMAS WOOLNER, R. H. HORNE, GEORGE ELIOT, JEAN INGELOW.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is the dislike, if not the terror, of a certain school of public writers; and under the polished surface of his sarcastic allusions and significant ironical humility it is, indeed, impossible not to discover considerable rancor, egotism, and vanity. His idea of urbanity has reference to style alone, and is regarded as by no means incompetent to include hard sayings, deliberately framed to hurt people. He is a Government Inspector of Public Schools, and is hard to please—some of his notions of education being simply eccentric. His best essays are undoubted masterpieces, and yet, in reading them, as Mr. Forman says, it is not easy to get over the idea that one is conversing rather with an intelligence than with a wide-hearted living man. There is much retention of enthusiasm, and so great a measure of delicate intellectual subtlety, that the atmosphere is more or less uncongenial. But in regard to the poems so general that most such as this can be reached, because, while some of the more intellectual pieces seem to be outside the domain of poetry proper, some of the more heartfelt and imaginative poems are nearly as beautiful as can be. Dr. Arnold lives a happy domestic life, is fond of home and of children, and enjoys the society of [illegible]

Mr. Woolner['s] one poem, "My Beautiful Lady," is a [illegible] book, and it is hard to [illegible] sculpture had not stopped [illegible] him as his own. We have few artists in these days who can give us "thoughts that breathe" in marble. Mr. Woolner possesses the power, and, having it, exchanges his pen for his chisel.

I frequently meet in the Strand a short well-made man, advanced in years, but not old; with long gray hair, but a ruddy healthy face, with bright clear eyes, full of shrewdness and good humor. I always lift my hat, if I do not stop to speak, for, since my school days, I have admired the compositions of R. H. Horne, and he is the man to whom I have referred. Mr. Horne returned from Australia a year or two ago. As a colonist he was fairly successful, and he is, I believe, the owner of some land which is expected to prove of considerable pecuniary value. He is generally referred to as "the author of 'Orion,'" but, in fact, Mr. Horne has been one of the most prolific of writers and vigorous of workers in general literature, and has produced several poetic or dramatic works as considerable as "Orion." Mr. Forman sets down Mr. Horne's want of sustained and complete success to his versatility and unflagging energy. When we look at the scores of good magazine and review articles traceable to him, at his many literary productions below the range of capital works—when we hear of his early military services in Mexico, and his later active physical labors at the antipodes, of his intermediate editorships, and lecturings, and writings of an anonymous or pseudonymous class, not to mention services on commissions of inquiry—when we put all these together it is easy to sum up a total of energy which, if all applied in one direction, would have carried Mr. Horne to a conspicuous altitude.

In George Eliot's poetic works, even in "Armgart," the last of them, there frequently seems no good reason why the matter in hand should have been divided into lines rather than into paragraphs; and, indeed, it is not clear that many passages would not gain force by being presented in a prose paragraph. Her poems afford innumerable new renderings of her great sentiments, but high feeling and subtle intellectuality do not suffice to constitute poetry, and Miss Evans will be known in history by her novels rather than her verse. She is greatly liked by those who are privileged with her friendship, and she is oftener met in general society than was once the case.

To anyone who witnessed the success of Robert Montgomery and Martin Tupper, the remarkable popularity of Jean Ingelow, she is married now and has another name, will afford no ground of surprise. Miss Ingelow's poems went through fourteen editions in four years. She is classed by Mr. Forman as "one of those pleasant writers, who, not having, as a rule, anything really worth saying, somehow manage to make up parcels of vacuity with enough of formal niceness to lead superficial readers to the supposition that there is something very valuable in the way of a kernel to the shell of expression." Many a silly person who has not the slightest idea of the meaning of anything but the most superficial trash, will, for the sake of "appearing" wise, praise any misty nonsense in the way of "poetry," and thus it is, probably, that among a certain class an idea has been circulated that Miss Ingelow is a poetess of exceptional thoughtfulness. She seems to me to be one of the shallowest of writers, her lyric faculty being entirely of the uninspired order; but she still is popular.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NUTRITION.

Crystalloids and Colloids—Taking Away Our Beef-Tea.

"An Experimental Inquiry into the Constitution of Blood, and the Nutrition of Muscular Tissue," is the title of a paper by Dr. Marcet, recently read at a meeting of the Royal Society. The late Professor Graham, by his process of dialysis, showed that substances were separable into crystalloids and colloids, that is, those which are crystalline in their nature, and those which resemble starch or gum. By taking advantage of this process, Dr. Marcet finds that blood is strictly a colloid fluid. The small quantity of crystalloids which it contains is intended to preserve the fluidity of the blood, and it is of importance that they should be retained during the circulation, owing to the part they play in the vital phenomena of oxidation; in other words, in keeping the blood free from impurities. Among these substances are those known to chemists as phosphoric anhydride, and potash, and these are found also in flesh, or muscular tissue, in its complete state. Besides these constituents, there are found in flesh the materials contributed by the blood on their way to impart completeness, and those which, having done their work, have become effete, and are passing out.

In the healthy state, flesh contains in store a supply of nourishment equal to about one-third more than its requirement for immediate use; this, as Dr. Marcet remarks, "being apparently a provision of nature to allow of muscular exercise during prolonged fasting." And he concludes that "the blood corpuscles have apparently the power of taking up and preparing the material which they themselves supply to muscular tissue for its nutrition."

Certain considerations follow which are well worth attention by those who have the care of invalids, or have to prepare a dietary—namely, that vegetables used as food for man and animals, such as flour, potato, and rice, transform phosphoric anhydride and potash from the crystalloid or diffusible into the colloid, or undiffusible state; and that, after having been thus prepared only, these substances appear to be fit to become normal constituents of blood, and contribute to the nutrition of flesh.

In nature, a constant rotation from crystalloids to colloids, and the reverse goes on. The substances destined to nourish plants must be diffusible, otherwise they could not be distributed throughout the mineral kingdom, and brought within reach of plants. Vegetables transform into colloids the mineral substances intended to form part of the food of animals. The excretory products of animals are crystalloid or diffusible; the solid portions decompose in contact with air and moisture, and become crystalloid compounds. In like manner, dead vegetables and animal tissues all return into crystalloids to be distributed afresh either by gaseous or liquid diffusion throughout the whole of the mineral world. "Hence," says Dr. Marcet, "Graham's great discovery of the laws of liquid and gaseous diffusion lifts the veil which covers the mysteries of animal life, and throws light on very many physiological phenomena which had until now remained in darkness."

A line of research is here opened, which, as we may expect, will be turned to good account by physiologists. Its importance could hardly be over-rated. As an immediate effect, it will rectify prevalent errors as regards nutrition. Many persons believe that beef-tea is very nourishing; and there is an excellent standing theory for people of weak health. This is a mistake. Some few practitioners and chemists have long been aware of the fact, and now their view is confirmed by Dr. Marcet. There is no nourishment in beef-tea. Mixed with solid food, it imparts a relish which promotes digestion; and the best solid that can be mixed therewith is the beef from which it was made, reduced to a powder. In two, at least, of the London hospitals the mixing of powdered beef with the beef-tea has long been practised, and there the patients get strong on beef-tea diet. It is worth remembering, too, that the objections to the use of beef-tea apply equally to the preparation described as Extract of Meat, with the further disadvantage that the extract is always stale.—*English Magazine*.

Woman's Dress.

Miss E. Stuart Phelps, writing in the *Independent*, thinks a reason for the mental inferiority of woman is to be found in the amount of intellect that is wasted upon the preparation and preservation of her dress. Taking this for her text, she goes on in the following impetuous style: "I once saw a young lady ride the whole way from Portland to Boston in the cars without once leaning back against the cushioned seat, so that she should not tumble her black silk sash. A barber told me that he 'curled a young lady' once for a ball, and she had two hundred and forty-seven curls when he was done. And I began at 10 o'clock in the morning, and I never got through with her till 9 o'clock at night! Dr. Dio Lewis tells of a being who put four hundred and twenty-five (I think) yards of trimming upon one single dress. 'We get no Christ from you,' said Romney Leigh. 'And, verily, we shall not get a poet, in my mind.' And, verily, when society has reduced women to such straits as this, one hardly understands such a fact as Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Four hundred and twenty-five yards! Conceive of the Hon. Charles Sumner, or Professor Longfellow in four hundred and twenty-five yards of trimming! Imagine the speech on San Domingo or the Psalm of Life, written in a black silk sash tied in a snarl to the author's coat tails! he pausing at every classic metaphor, or at the close of each moral stanza, to see if he had tumbled himself behind. Fancy Browning squared at a consultation to 247 curls. Picture him tiring the pulse of a dying man with one hand and tightening his hairpins with the other." After contrasting very exactly the apparel of woman with that of man, she concludes by saying, that the use of dress is his, the *lust* is hers. And even about the beauty she hesitates, for though man is not a graceful being, yet in this civilized year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, his very stove-pipe hat and sack coat yield the field to the unparalleled and unapproached and unapproachable deformity of woman's attire.

Ben. Butler's Theology.

From Harper's Magazine for August.

We have a very good story of the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler that has not yet found its way into the newspapers. When a student in college it was binding on the students to attend the college church—a duty which to him was very irksome. On one occasion he heard the preacher (who was also a professor) advancing propositions like the following: 1. That the elect alone would be saved. 2. That among those who, by the world, were called Christians probably not more than one in a hundred belonged really and truly to the elect. 3. That the others, by reason of their Christian privileges, would suffer more hereafter than the heathen, who had never heard the Gospel at all. Mr. Butler, whose audacity was as conspicuous as his reverence, made a note of these propositions, and on the strength of them drew up a petition to the faculty, soliciting exemption from further attendance at the church as only preparing for himself a more terrible future. For, said he, the congregation here amounts to 600 persons, and nine of those are professors. Now, if only one in a hundred is to be saved, it follows that three of the faculty must be damned. He (Benjamin F. Butler), being a mere student, could not expect to be saved in preference to a professor. Far, he said, be it from him to cherish so presumptuous a hope! Nothing remained for him, therefore, but perdition. In this melancholy state of affairs he was naturally anxious to abstain from any thing that might aggravate his future punishment; and, as church attendance, had been shown in last Sunday's sermon to have this influence on the non-elect, he trusted that the faculty would for all time excuse him from it.

The result of this petition, written out in an imposing manner, and formally presented to the faculty, was that Butler received a public reprimand for irreverence, and [illegible] intercession of one or two friends in the faculty, would have been expelled.

A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA.

From Harper's Weekly.

I was standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton, that is, thirty or forty yards nearer the Horseshoe, along the brink of the rocks, and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall, but, owing to the immense hill down which the rapids rush, it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of a boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that now it was pointed out to me, I saw, in the middle of the rapids, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree which had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to move. It was a man. Yes, he and his two companions had, on the previous night, been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, lost all command of their boat, and had been hurried away to destruction. It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had been upset, and, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about 9 or 10 o'clock at night, while the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar, the turmoil, and the dashing spray of the rapids.

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the railway, and hurried to the spot, where I found him so near that I could almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently as wet from the spray as though he had been standing under water. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his rescue were proposed and discussed. On all sides, already, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been firmly lashed to a strong cable, and dropped down to him from the bridge, which crossed the rapids between the mainland and Goat Island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall.

But now a despatch had been sent to Buffalo (a distance of little more than twenty miles) by electric telegraph, desiring that a life-boat should be sent by the first train, 9:20 a.m., and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was; large, built entirely of sheet iron, with air-tight chambers; a boat that could not sink. She was girt round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him know what was going on. This was done by means of a sheet, upon which was written in large letters in Dutch (his native language), "The life-boat is coming." He stood up, looked intently for a minute and then nodded his head. When the boat was at last launched the excitement was intense. Two cables, each held by many men, were let down from either end of the bridge, so that they might have command in directing the course of the boat down the river. She seemed literally to dance upon the surface of the water like a cork.

The rapid consists of a number of small falls distributed unevenly over all parts of the river, so that there are thousands of cross currents, eddies and whirlpools, which it would be utterly impossible to avoid, and in which lies the danger of transit for any boat between the bridge and the log. The life-boat's course was steady at first; she arrived at the first fall, she tripped up and swung round with a rush, but continued her course safely, only half filled with water. Again she descended with safety, but at length approaching the log she became unmanageable, swinging either way with immense force, spinning completely over, and finally dashing against the log with such violence that I fully expected the whole thing, man and all, to have been dislodged and hurried down the rapid. But, no, it stood firm—the boat had reached its position. Yet, alas! how useless was its position. It lay completely on its side above the log, and with its bottom toward the bridge, forward the bridge, played upon by the whole force of the current, which fixed its keel firmly against the log. It seemed immovable. The man himself climbed toward it, and in vain tried to pull, lift, or shake the boat; nor was it moved until both cables being brought to one side of the river by the united force of fifty or sixty men, she was dislodged, and swung down the rapid upside down, finally pitching headlong beneath an eddy, entangling one of her cables on the rocks, and there lying beneath a heavy fall of water, until, in the course of the day, one cable being broken by the efforts of the men to dislodge her, and the other by the sheer force of the current, she went over the falls—the second sacrifice to the poor fellow, who still clung to the log, swayed between hope and fear. The loss of the boat seemed a great blow to him, and he appeared, as far as I could judge, at a distance, at times to give way to the utmost despair. A third boat was now brought—wooden, very long, and flat-bottomed. Its passage was most fortunate, and as she floated down, even alongside of the log without accident, hope beamed in every countenance, and we all felt the man might be saved. Hope also had revived in him. He stood for some time upon the log making signals to those who directed the boat.

He now eagerly seized her, drew her towards him, jumped into her, and made signs to them to draw him up. This was commenced, but some of the tackle had caught, and it was deemed necessary to let it loose for an instant. This was done; the boat floated a few feet down the rapid, swung round the lower end of the log, entangling the cable beneath it, and there remained immovably fixed. Once more the poor fellow's work began. He drew off one of his boots and baled the boat, he pushed at the log, climbed upon it, and used every possible exertion to move the boat, but in vain! An hour was spent in these fruitless efforts—an hour of terrible suspense to all who beheld him. He worked well for his life. Three months after, that log still retained its position, nor will it move until the rocks grind its cable in two, or the waters tear it piecemeal into shreds.

Another plan must be devised, and this, with American promptitude, was soon done. A raft of from twenty to thirty feet long and five feet broad was knocked together with amazing rapidity. It consisted of two stout poles, made fast, five feet asunder, by nailing four or five pieces of two-inch board at each extremity; thus the machine consisted of a sort of skeleton raft, with a small stage at either end. On one of these stages—that to which the cables (of which there were two) were lashed—was tightly fixed a large empty cask, for the sake of its buoyancy, on the other a complete network of cords, to which the man was to lash himself; also a tin can of refreshments, he having taken nothing since the evening before; three or four similar cans, by the way, had been let down to him already, attached to strong pieces of new line, but the cords had, in every instance, been snapped, and the food lost.

The raft was finished, launched, and safely let down to the log. The poor fellow committed himself to its care, he lashed his legs firmly, and then signalled to draw him up; thus for the second time the ropes had begun to be drawn up, the raft advanced under the first pull, but its head, owing to the great light cask, dipped beneath it, and, as the raft still advanced, the water broke over it to such a depth that the man was obliged to raise himself upon all fours, keeping his chin well elevated to avoid being drowned. We expected at every pull to see his head go under, but, alas! they pulled in vain, for the front of the raft, pressed down by the weight of falling water, had come in contact with a rock, and would not advance. The ropes were slackened, she fell back, but again hitched in her return. It was then determined to let her swing to another part of the rapid, where the stream did not appear quite so impassable. This was done, and a second attempt to draw it up was made, half-way between the log and the opposite shore (a small island). This also failed from the same cause, therefore it was proposed to endeavor to let the raft float down and swing round upon the island. This was commenced, but with the old result, the cable was caught in the rocks, and the raft remained stationary. However, she was floating easily, and the poor fellow could rest.

Early in the day, for the afternoon was now far advanced, one of the large ferry-boats (built expressly for crossing beneath the falls) had been brought up, but had lain idle. This was now put into requisition, and nobly she rode down towards the raft, whilst in breathless silence we all watched her as she dipped at the various falls, and each time recovered herself. I shuddered as she was launched, for I began to see that the man could not be saved by a boat; a boat never could return against a rapid, however well able to float down it. No sooner would her bow come into contact with a fall than it would dip, fill, and spin round, as did the first skiff which was lost.

The poor fellow himself was getting impatient—visibly so. He untied his lashings, stood upright upon the raft, eagerly waiting to seize the boat, and jump into her. She had but one more fall to pass, and that fall was situated just above where he stood; she paused at the brink of it, swung down it like lightning, and, as he leaned forward to seize her, she rose on the returning wave, struck him in the chest, and he struggled hopelessly in the overwhelming torrent.

The exclamation of horror, for it was not a cry, which burst from the thousands who by this time were assembled, I shall never forget, nor the breathless silence with which we watched him, fighting with the waters, as they hurried him along upright, waving both arms above his head. We lost sight of him at intervals, yet again and again he reappeared, and I thought hours must have passed in lieu of one brief half-minute. But the end came at last; once more I saw his arms wildly waved above his head, and, in an instant, the crowd turned from the spot in dead silence. The man was lost.

The Human Ear.

It would appear that all our hearing is done in a very literal sense under water, as shown by the following extract from a London paper:

"Professor Tyndall concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the external orifice of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular tympanic membrane, behind which is a cavity known as the 'drum,' the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices are closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretches a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already mentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water; this organ is between the partition and the brain, and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. These [illegible] respond to the rates of vibration of certain 'bristles,' of which the said apparatus consists. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marchese Corti, which is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of three thousand strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon this organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisonant vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, these microscopic strings can analyze it and reveal the constituents of which it is composed; at least such are the present views of those authorities who best understand the apparatus which transmits sonorous vibrations to the auditory nerve."

THE DEFEAT OF THE GERMAN ARMADA.

Among the many responses to "The Battle of Dorking" is the following ballad to the *London Society*:

I served in a gunboat mate
[illegible]
That's fifty and doubled ago,
And our ship, which was the Speaker,
Were a riding at her anchor,
One Sunday night in August, you must know.

I were sitting at a quid,
Which Landlord's did,
O' Sundays, for I think it's sort o' right,
When our gunner—that's his name—
Did quite suddenly exclaim,
And his exclamation were: "Blow me tight!"

Says he, "My jolly mate,
This here Lloyd's paper states
As we're goin' to fight them German [illegible] cors."
Wherever we turn, in spite
Of it bein' Sunday night,
Stood up and gave three lusty British cheers.

Well, we sailed away to meet
This famous German fleet,
Concernin' which there's been so much of jaw;
For in six weeks they had planned,
And built, and launched, and manned
The finest fleet a sailor ever saw.

We had cruised about on Sunday;
But about six bells on Monday,
When as smooth as any mirror was the water,
Right out on the horizon,
Rose a cloud as black as pison,
'Twas the foe a steamin' down upon our quarter.

'Twas all as still as death,
There was not a single breath,
But our Admiral wore a smile upon his cheek;
The foe was on our larboard,
But right away our starboard
Was a wary little tiny narrow streak.

A chucklin' wery sly,
And a winkin' of his eye,
Our Admiral gave orders for to run;
And the enemy gave chase,
But the enemy set [illegible] race,
Have a preference for fighting two to one.

At seven we felt a whiff,
A right hawswing [illegible],
At nine it blowed half a gale;
But at ten the waves ran higher
Than St. Paul's cathedral spire,
And my language to describe the scene do fail.

We kept a lookin' light,
A hauling all the night;
But on Tuesday in the morning about three
My gunner up and spoke:
"Dern us if any smoke
Is a comin' from their chimney pots," says he.

Just then we heard a shout,
And our Admiral came out,
"Send the signal up to wear about and close!"
Then fore and aft we ran;
To his post stood every man;
And louder than the storm our cheers arose!

We neared them and took aim,
And the word to fire came,
And our volley down the line of battle roared;
But the German answered not—
Not a solitary shot—
But her ensign fluttered down, by the board.

We were speechless, pretty nigh,
As we couldn't make out for why
The sponge they should so quickly up and chuck it,
Till Bismarck we espied
Hangin' pallid o'er the side,
And Moltke sitting down beside a bucket.

All their gunners, all their sailors,
Lay as flat as kitchen pokers,
All a groaning from the bottom of their souls;
For all their potatoes over,
Unaccustomed to the blue,
Trembled when the ships began to roll.

And thus the battle ended,
And the proud bragging peace was mended
And William, when at last he ceased to be,
Died a sadder and a wiser,
A [illegible]-respect old Kaiser,
And remember of the peace we [illegible].

A Wag's Discourse on Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth is dead. It doesn't make any matter how we got the information. This is none of our fight—this quarrel between the Associated Press and its rival. She died 268 years ago the 24th of April. She survived until the vital spark had fled, and then she saw it was of no use resisting the inscrutable decree of fate, and so her unfettered soul took its flight into the mysterious void, and settled down in that bourne from which no traveller returns, unless he has a mission to jerk chairs around and rap on tables.

Queen Elizabeth was a virgin—a virgin on seventy; and yet the fire gleamed as brightly as ever in her cream-colored eye, and the delicate sheen of her finely tinted maroon nose contrasted as forcibly as in her youth with the alabaster of her brow; and the plugs in her teeth were just as valuable as when gold was at 156.

She had no small vices. She did not smoke, or chew, or belong to the society for promotion of cruelty to animals. And when she swore, she never descended to the vulgarity of Horace Greeley—Queen Elizabeth didn't. When she used profanity, she gave it with a finish, an elegance, a delicate, airy grace, and infused into it a luxurious abandon, and rounded it off carefully at the corners, and trimmed it up with well-selected poetical adjectives, so that it sounded like a strain from some sweet singer—like some one dying straining himself, in fact. And she had red hair.

Her chignon was burglar proof. And often, in the dusky twilight of evening, when the sun had sunk to rest, when the Western sky was filled with a tender radiance and lambent light, and the bulbul wooed the rose in the back yard, she would play a few notes on her harpsichord, or write a Latin hymn, or an essay upon the Harrison boiler. She was supposed to be the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "Beautiful Snow," and "Five O'Clock in the Morning." And, nevertheless, she was a very estimable woman, and, with all her faults, we love her still—better, indeed, than if she were still going around.

Queen Elizabeth was not proud. She always insisted upon cleaning her own teeth, even if she was a Queen; and she always did it once a week, every Sunday morning, with her own tooth-brush. What a lesson does it teach to those who are haughty and vain, and belong to the *bon-ton*! She never forgot that she was mere perishable dust, and that the sheep and silkworm wore her fine clothes long before she got them. She read every Sunday-school book that taught these facts, and she once trod, on Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak to remind him of them, because he was so set up with his new fancy cassimere. She said, upon her death-bed, that Lydia Thompson need not learn this lesson, because it had no moral for those who browsed round in Nature's garb.

Queen Elizabeth was not sorry to die. She foresaw that George F. Train was coming to England, and she said to her physicians that she would prefer the enduring peace of the cold and silent grave to three weeks of George and the Alabama claims controversy, and the Schleswig-Holstein question all at the same time. Her last words were: "Kill Horace Greeley before he has a chance to write 'What I Know of Farming.'" There was not a dry eye in that second-story front room. Everybody was thinking how impossible it was to fulfil her dying request, and to escape so much misery.

But she has now gone; she has left us; we shall see her no more. Perhaps it was for the best. She was a vigorous woman, and if she had lived, she might have come to America, and we might have given her offence, and she might have pranced around here, and bagged us like the nation. For she was a woman who followed closely to all the prevailing fashions. And so we are glad she is dead, and has four tons of marble piled on her to hold her down.

Rest in peace, old girl! Rest in pieces!

Abolition of Grammar by the Commune.

The fact that there is nothing too absurd to have been in the minds of the Communists gives an opportunity not to be overlooked by the wits of the Paris press. The very wildness of their invention gives their stories more resemblance to the truth. This condition of affairs put us in a state of doubt as to a story told by the *Paris Figaro*. One of its friends, it says, has found at the Ministry of Justice a letter that is not dated, but is signed Jules Vallis, and addressed to Citizen Protot. Citizen Vallis was a member of the Commune and was delegate for public instruction. This letter declares it to be the opinion of the writer that "It is necessary, and that without delay, that the big hands of the democracy should wipe out forever the stupid prejudices which all monarchies have imposed upon us." He, therefore, advises the publication of the two following decrees:

"1. Grammar being the greatest of prejudices, the most foolish of conventionalities, the Commune of Paris decrees:

"The book of Noel and Chapsal, entitled French Grammar, shall be no longer studied in the government schools, the Commune desiring to allow citizens the liberty of *orthographe* (*sic*).

"2. A careful revision being demanded of the dictionary of the academy, which contains words altogether aristocratic, such as 'duke,' 'king,' 'monsieur,' 'servant,' 'equipage,' 'conscription,' and numerous others which the people have nothing to do, the Commune of Paris decrees:

"A commission shall be named to indicate the words which ought to be expunged."

The letter of M. Jules Vallis concludes with an appeal to his *cher ami* to use his influence to procure an early publication of these decrees. "Courbet will sustain us," he says, "and I hope the Arthur Arnaulds and other *artistes* will not make too much opposition." This story, if not true, is well invented, and is quite an improvement on the anecdote of the witness in court who vindicated his orthography by remarking that he spelled like a gentleman and not like a scholar.

An Anecdote of Mr. Lincoln and Tad.

Mr. Lincoln was very fond of a game of chess, and frequently spent the evening with Judge Treat, a near neighbor, in that pastime. Upon one occasion, when little Tad was alone, the quiet of the game and the stillness of the room became too trying to his restless nature, and he interrupted the game repeatedly with, "Let's go home, father." "Sit down, Tad, sit down," said Mr. Lincoln. The child kept quiet for a few minutes, but soon broke the silence again. "Presently, my son, presently," said his father. Tad waited as long as he could command his temper, then, starting up in a fit of impatience, he tilted the board, throwing the pieces on the floor and bringing the game to an abrupt termination. Mr. Lincoln, without a word, raised his hand, gave his little one a slap on the cheek, and [illegible] reached the door, gave him a parting turn [illegible] said, "Go [illegible] little fellow. You are going [illegible]." Then slowly lowering his arm and letting the child go, he added, "that is, if you ever do it again."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A rich youth paid $1,000 in gold for a floor with five front windows during the late triumphal entry at Berlin.

—Saint Winifred Stubbs, a maiden lady of considerable wealth, who was so eccentric as to keep fourteen dogs in her house, died recently in London.

—It is said that one of the Emperor William's grievous annoyances is that Bismarck always beats him playing chess. The Emperor believes himself a first-rate player, and very nearly everybody checkmates him after a twenty or thirty moves. The defeat of his game is reported to be that he doesn't know how to use his castles.

—The Strasbourg people cannot stand the noise of the German soldiers' sabres dragging over the stones of the streets, so some of the people, who are wise, after a day or two, brought together a lot of stray dogs, tied them to their tails, and started them off to promenade near where the officers usually strut in their glory. Since that time sabres are worn close-belted.

—When the Emperor of Brazil arrived at Lisbon, the King of Portugal sent his Chamberlain to say that the royal palace of Necessidades had been specially prepared for his reception. But the Emperor declined the offer, observing that he was in mourning, that he had come to Europe on a tour of study and observation, and that he should feel that he was less in the way of his royal relations if he stayed, like any private gentleman, at one of the hotels.

—One of the Paris women, on being told by the officer who seized her, "You are brave—you have killed two of my men," responded wildly, "May the curse of the Almighty always rest upon my soul for not killing more. I had two sons at Issy, who were both killed, and two at Neuilly, who shared the same fate. My husband died at the barricade, and now do with me what you will." The woman was shot.

—An eccentric Scotchman, Farquhar McKenzie, recently died in Castleton, near Glasgow. More than thirty years ago he took to his bed through a religious delusion, and in course of time his body assumed such an abnormal condition that the slightest cold affected him to a most painful degree. The air had as far as possible to be excluded from his bed, his hands had to be kept gloved, and his only communication with friends who visited him was through a pane of glass fastened in the curtains. With all this he appeared to be quite in possession of his senses, and by many persons was regarded as a kind of oracle.

—It is stated, on excellent authority, that Prince Arthur has made a proposal of marriage to Lady Rosamond Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's daughter; but whether the affair will come off is quite another affair. The Hon. H. Carrington, brother of Lord Carrington, is engaged to a young American lady, who possesses marvellous charms, in the shape of $65,000 a year; and Miss Butler, an heiress, who hails from one of the Southern States, has been married to a brother of Lord Leigh.

—Peter Hintz, cigar manufacturer, Hamburg, has just completed a present for the Emperor of Germany, on which he has been working for more than six months. It consists of a correct model of the Chateau of Babelsberg, the Emperor's favorite country residence, near Potsdam, made entirely of tobacco leaves, stalks and cigars, and it is by no means a miniature copy, for its length and breadth are eight feet, and the height to the top of the tower is five feet. It is described by those who have seen it as quite a curiosity in its way, and a marvellous example of German patience and industry.

—Grotesque scenes are constantly occurring in Paris before the special tribunals appointed to decide between landlord and tenant. "What is your trade?" said a Justice of the Peace to a tenant in the Seventeenth Arrondissement, who pleaded inability to pay his rent. "Perfumer," was the answer, "and a bad trade it is." "Bad trade, indeed!" exclaimed the landlord, "his pieces of soap cost him two sous, and he sells them for fifteen. He is well able to pay." "That's false," roared the tenant; "the trade is bad; and who ever thought of washing under the Commune?" The judges only remit rent in cases where it can be shown that the tenant was a heavy loser through cessation of business.

—The following story is told of the siege of Paris: A professor of music, who was obliged to abandon his house, in the hurry of departure left the unfinished score of a musical composition behind. The war over, he returned, with intense anxiety for the fate of his precious manuscript, to find his house destroyed. Only one wall remained standing, but luckily high up on its side could be seen the cupboard, with its key still projecting from the lock, in which were deposited the valuable papers. A ladder was procured, the impatient composer ascended, and took out his treasure safe and sound. What was his astonishment to find it not only complete, but completed, the composition brought to a happy close, with a brief note of explanation, signed "Koenneman, Musician-in-Chief of the Twenty-second Line Regiment."

—The Solicitor General, in the early part of the Tichborne trial, began dozens of questions with the words, "Would you be surprised to find?" and so long did he continue to use them that the query became famous, and at length formed the subject of a cutting cartoon in one of the comic papers. After that Sir John varied his phraseology, and toward the end of the case the stereotyped phrase never passed his lips. It seems, however, that the phrase is not to be dropped so easily as the Solicitor-General might wish. In the Divorce Court, the other day, a member of the bar caused a burst of laughter by asking of a witness who denied having done something, "Would you be surprised to hear that you did?" And the merriment was increased when Lord Penzance quietly remarked, "Remember, you are infringing on a patent."

—Another curious case, which has been brought before the courts, was that of a linen draper named Bernard, who was accused of having usurped the functions of a magistrate. "Miserable man!" exclaimed the Judge to the prisoner at the bar, "were you not aware that under the Commune you usurped the office of Magistrate?" Bernard, in a sniveling manner, admitted the worship's theory, but urged that he had had office thrust upon him in this way: He had been ordered to make shirts for the Minister of Justice, and, as the citizen Protot could not pay the whole amount of his bill in coin, he offered to make him a Justice of the Peace. Bernard refused at first, but when his client threatened to give him the command of a battalion of National Guards he yielded, gave a receipt in full, took his seat on the bench, and meted out justice as he could. By all account his lack of legal instruction was not very detrimental to the country, as only five cases came before him, and two he dismissed as frivolous. Ultimately Bernard would have been let off, but he was condemned to two months' imprisonment, which will give him time to reflect on his brief judicial career.

—And now comes the story that the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne was not, according to late English gossip, by any means the love match it has been popularly supposed to be, and the wedded pair are now far from happy together. Rumor has it that the Princess inherits her mother's quick and imperious temper, and the two women had such frequent quarrels that the peace of the royal domestic circle was quite destroyed. The marriage of the Princess and her residence elsewhere being the only resource in the emergency, a certain number of young noblemen were selected and invited to Windsor Castle, and the Princess required to chose a husband from among them. She obeyed, and her choice fell on the young Marquis, but there was no more love between them than usually attends such business-like arrangements. The result has been that the Princess' temper is as bad as ever, only it is exercised on a new object. The exclusion of the Marquis from the royal circle, and the consequent separation of him from his wife on state occasions, is said to be owing to these conjugal differences, and not to any law of etiquette. It is even reported that not long ago the Queen was sent for, and went down to Claremont, the residence of the young couple, to prevent a complete rupture.

—The talk about the new South American remedy for cancer—cundurango—has set in circulation reminiscences of the celebrated black-cancer doctor, Vries, who ran a brilliant, but brief and ignobly-terminated, career in Paris about sixteen years ago. Vries was a Hindoo, and pretended to have a sure cure for cancer, which he had discovered in India. Happening to get hold of Monsieur Sax, the musician, and producing a temporary alleviation of the virulence of a cancer on the lip, with which that gentleman was afflicted, he obtained a great celebrity; and his office was crowded with eager patients. At length Velpeau, the famous surgeon, took him in hand, and exposed him. Seventeen patients, in a charity hospital, were selected, and placed under his care. In four months three-fourths of them died, and in two months more they were all dead. Finally Monsieur Sax himself died. The great cancer doctor was arrested and imprisoned as an impostor, and was heard of no more.

—Bismark's estate of Schwarzenbeck, in Lauenburg, recently conferred upon him by the Emperor William in acknowledgment of his services to the country, has a rent-roll of 40,000 thalers, making the capital value, according to German calculations, equal to 1,000,000 thalers, which is, indeed, the very sum that the Emperor intended as a gift. But His Majesty has in reality been more generous than he professed to be. The Hamburg papers say that the lands having hitherto been crown lands, and the rents having accordingly been fixed very low, lower even at the time of their assessment many years ago, the above sum represents no more than about the third part of the real value, and that when the leases expire—which will be in a few years—the rents will easily bear tripling. As that is but the fair value, and there is no Ulster or tenant-right clauses to forbid the operation, it is not doubted that the German Chancellor will avail himself of the favorable opportunity. He will thus practically have received a gift of 3,000,000 thalers.

—An improvement on Indiana divorces has been invented in Hindostan. The English laws there recognize Mohammedanism, and Mohammedanism, as is well known, permits a plurality of wives. Therefore, when an English resident in India gets tired of his wife, he has only to become a Mohammedan to be enabled to marry a new affinity. Should the first wife get disgusted and leave him, the thing is done. The originator of this brilliant idea is a barrister, who has acted on it so far as to take his second wife, who is a convert to the faith of Islam, but he has not yet worked it out to the point of getting free from his first spouse.

—In the summer of 1845, when Bismark, being then 27 years old, was on duty as a cavalry officer, he was standing with other officers on a bridge near a lake, when his groom, Hilderbrand, the son of the forester on his estate, rode a horse for a bath in the lake close by the bridge. Suddenly the horse lost his footing, and Hilderbrand disappeared in the water. Bismark threw off his sword in an instant, tore off his Uniform, and dashed headlong into the lake to save his servant. He seized him, but the drowning man clung to him so fast that he had to dive before he could free himself. [illegible] rose over the spot, and neither [illegible] again, by the powerful [illegible] he again rose to the surface, bearing up with him and bringing to land his inanimate burden. The re[illegible]

constituents of which it is composed; at least such are the present views of those authorities.

[illegible] the brave-hearted man [illegible] decoration [illegible] men [illegible] the many stars on his breast. It is a memento of saving a man's life.

—A London letter says: No little amusement has been afforded at the Crystal Palace to-day by a cat show, more than 150 of these domesticated members of the feline race being there exhibited for the delight and wonder of the visitors. The cats are in large cages, the floors of which are strewn with sawdust. Each cat has its own scarlet cushion on which to repose, and its own china service from which to eat and drink. They are divided into twenty-five classes, according to their sex, color, breed and length of their hair. There is not an ugly cat in the lot, and some of them are exceedingly handsome. "The Old Lay" is a nice, lovable blue tabby, of the advanced age of 15 years, sent in by Mr. Harrison Weir. No. 8 is a sprightly tortoise-shell Tom—the "unique sample of the kind"—but he is rather too largely admixed with white; 14 has a fine grayish-blue skin, that would make a costly muff for a Russian beauty; 16 is a superb creature; 25 is a timorous beauty, with long, white hair and beady eyes; 27 is plump and brown, with a manual purr—a sort of Dutch cat; 47 is a buxom, like darling, with a lamb-like disposition, and gives her velvet hand, with its ornament of green ribbon and Valdai bell, good-naturedly to be patted; 52, in a neat, mole-skin jacket, has an air of subdued ferocity, of spirit rather; 59 (Lady Lubbock's favorite) is a sweet, long-haired creature, with large lustrous eyes; 88 is extremely and ash-colored, as if she had lived like Cinderella; 99 (Hon. Mrs. Grey's) is a Persian of ancient pedigree; there is a pretty, snow-white family group at 77; and 90 is happy in a fond mistress, as the gaudy, threatening her arching neck establishes. The cages, numbered from 120, are larger and mahogany-framed; they are allocated to the aristocracy of the tribe, those who have been artificially treated and have attained to larger size. There are some huge cats here, 118 we should take to be one of the heaviest in the show; he ought to weigh over a stone and a half, and is likely to carry off the premium for bulk. It is remarkable that the short-haired cats are more than the long haired animals. In Cage 110 there is a sleepy-eyed prisoner from the delightful province of the sun, which is valued at 100 guineas—a fancy, whose affectionate friends of grimalkin's looks could get on but indifferent[ly] down. No. 121 has a black [illegible] perfectly charmed. Each animal has its own good points and the good points of all are varied; here a soft coat, there a dainty little paw; and all that is reckoned as the highest of beauty now a form supple as a panther's, or a richness of color in red or yellow, black or gray, to turn an artist curious, and a fine further on an evenness and delicacy of marking to rival the zebra or the leopard. On one side, between the statues of the Meleager of the Vatican and the Apollo of Capua, and close by his cousin-germane the Indian forest tigers, stands by Henry Weir, is caged the wildcat caught recently by the Duke of Sutherland's estate. A savage "varmint" it is even still, and frets against its bars or moves uneasily about like the lion Androcles physicked, holding up its wounded paw, a joint of which has been snapped off in the trap.

ART.

The Milo statue of Venus, which was carried during the siege of Paris, has been dug up and placed in the Louvre. It was deposited in the cellars of the Prefecture of Police in a triple case out of the reach of bombshells. This beautiful work has traversed the Prussian investment and the reign of the Commune without the slightest injury.

—A Paris correspondent writes that the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette has suffered little, but the works of art in the interior have been almost entirely destroyed. The great altar is mutilated, and the bronze group which surmounted it, and which cost 30,000 francs, has been thrown down and broken. It consisted of a Mater Dolorosa supporting the body of Christ, and two kneeling angels. The marble figures were also pulled down with cords and greatly injured.

—A letter from Rome, June 30, thus speaks of American artists in Italy: "George Yewell has gone to the United States to exhibit his excellent interiors of Saint Mark's in Venice and Saint Peter's, in Perugia. He has been now three years in Europe, and his work offers gratifying evidence of progress in a style of painting, and a choice of subject, which we have not yet fully appreciated. Charles Coleman has left for Florence, on an enviable artistic tour, namely, to fill orders for pictures of interiors and choice bits of exteriors in Florence, Venice, Nuremburg, Baden-Baden, Padua, and Perugia. American art lovers, seeing a fine view, are not content to have a photograph, often badly taken, but wisely send a competent artist to paint it; this is the happy mission of Coleman for the next six months. Graham is on the same duty. His views of Venice have sold rapidly, and been highly appreciated by artists. Inness is doing some great things in landscape in Perugia, where he will spend the summer. Condon is with him. Nedder is also in Perugia, painting an important figure picture. Percival Ball, a young sculptor and *protegé* of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, by whom he was sent here, is busy upon a very finely-composed figure of a surprised hunter. He has lately finished a bas-relief as beautiful in composition as it is in execution. It represents an old Cairo water-merchant giving a cup of water to a little child, and illustrates a custom of that city, which obliges the water-merchant to give away a cup after having sold one. [illegible] he will be [illegible] for this summer. [illegible] engaged on a monumental figure. His studio is in the Arch of Triumph, which is situated in the close vicinity of the Arch of Triumph, is unimpaired, and almost the only building in that quarter not damaged by shot or shell. It contained the Singar group and other valuable works. Rinehart remains in Rome. Ives goes to the United States. Inman has left for Germany. Dubois is in Capri. St. Gaudens, the cameo-cutter, has plenty of work from his countrymen, and remains in Rome.

—The *Galaxy* tells the following: "On one of the days previous to the opening of the Royal Academy, when Royal Academicians have the privilege of touching up their pictures, Constable went to look at what Stanfield was doing. He praised the picture on which he happened to be engaged, and took particular notice of the sky as boldly and originally treated. Shortly after, he went up to Reinagle and asked him what he thought of Stanfield's picture. 'I have not seen it,' said Reinagle. 'Then go and see it, I beg of you,' continued Constable, 'You never saw such a thing. Pray take notice of the sky. It is just like putty.' Presently Reinagle walks up to Stanfield's picture, and, as he looks at it, quite takes by surprise, exclaims aloud, 'Why, I like the sky.' 'What do you mean by expressing yourself in that tone? Why should you not like the sky?' 'Oh, I was off my guard when I spoke in that way,' replied Reinagle, 'but the fact is that I was told that it was like putty.' 'Who told you so?' said the wounded painter. 'Constable.' Stanfield, stung to the quick by hearing of this depreciatory criticism from such a quarter, goes up to the author of it and says, 'Constable, you are a humbug! You came up to my picture just now, and praised it. I never asked your opinion about it; but you said particularly that you liked the sky, and then you go off to Reinagle and tell him that it is like putty.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'what of it? I like putty.'"

How Father Cured His Horse.

"Well," said Reuben the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he has so far to go to attend funerals and weddings, and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, 'That's a handsome horse you are driving, I should like to own such a horse myself.' 'What will you give for him?' said the man. 'Do you want to sell?' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with.' 'Make me an offer,' says he. 'Well, just to put an end to the talk,' father says, 'I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse.' 'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, 'but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.' 'Why, what ails the horse?' says father. 'Ails him? He's got the "the Nick" in him, that's what ails him,' says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've scold and beat that horse till the sweat run off me in streams; I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death and roasted him alive before he'd have budged an inch.' 'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?' 'George,' says the man. 'I shall call him Georgie,' says father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, 'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.' So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got into the wagon to go. But Georgie would not stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover tops, and once in a while father would say, 'Get up, Georgie,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by, he says, 'This is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I, so he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons.'"

"Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiringly.

"Or sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to jot down things they think of when they are off walking or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

"Well, father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner. All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable feeding him and fussing over him and talking to him in his gentle, pleasant way; and the third morning, when he had fed and curried and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eye. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his foot together, and laid his ears back and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to Georgie that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly ridiculous for him to act so, that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody, that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good 'sample' to all the other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on his nose."

"And what did Georgie do?" "Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through he put his head down so that I couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it, till it most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been [illegible]."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father [illegible] wasn't any trouble about [illegible] was the way father cured a balky horse. And [illegible]"

—Mohammed Ali is to be the title of Mrs. (Muhlbach) Mundt's new novel, which she is to dedicate to the Khedive of Egypt.

—Earl Russell is about to publish an historical essay on "The Foreign Policy of England from 1570 to 1870."

—Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn has completed a new novel, which will be published in the approaching autumn.

—Mr. Murray will publish, in November, Mr. Grote's "Aristotle," on which work the author had been engaged for many years. It will be published as Mr. Grote left it.

—A new translation of Byron is announced from Prague. Prof. Durdik, of that city, to whom literature is already indebted for a valuable essay on that poet, is about to translate his complete works into the Bohemian language.

—*The Atlantic Monthly*, this month, has, after all competitions, having been promised to await a promised story and poem from Bret Harte; but, neither of these being ready, the magazine was obliged to go to press without them.

—The "Greeley Cyclopedia," which the Messrs. Appleton announce, has been [illegible] for some time, and [illegible] work was begun on it a month or two ago. The original editors of the "American Cyclopedia," Dr. George Ripley, of the *Tribune*, and Hon. Chas. A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, will be the superintending editors of the new work.

—Hawthorne gives this sketch of Fredrika Bremer, whom he saw for a short time while traveling abroad: "She is the funniest little old fairy in person that one can imagine, with a huge nose, to which all the rest of her is but an insufficient appendage; but you feel at once that she is most gentle, kind, womanly, sympathetic and true. She talks English fluently, but low, quiet voice, but with such an accent that it is impossible to understand her without the closest attention."

—The books of "Sophie May" (Miss Clarke, of Maine) have reached an aggregate sale of 200,000 copies, and still sell very fast.

—The Boston *Herald* says, "Mr. Fields, in writing of Dickens' last visit to America, in the August *Atlantic*, mentions his visit to the school-ship, but omits to say anything about that very 'particular' pie which he tried there, and liberally distributed, and who offered a glove to cover the pie. No, I will be so bold as to say, and let the boys smell his breath."

—A Chinese journal published at Pekin has reached its 2,000th volume. Two and a half yards of silk are used to print each number, and subscribers who have the whole set rejoice in the possession of about 1,300 miles of periodical literature. These almanacs of the Flowery Kingdom are said to be tremendously dull.

—A French lady, discussing the stories of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, said: "When one is reading one of their romances, one is so agreeably carried away by the charm of their descriptions as to be always dreading that he will come to something connected with the story."

—"The Poetry of Democracy, Walt Whitman," is the title of a long article, filling thirty-three pages, and holding the place of honor in the July number of the London Westminster Review. It contains a very striking and flattering and [illegible] sketch and [illegible] under the eminent [illegible] Democratic Vistas. It quotes largely from the "Leaves of Grass" and "Democratic Vistas," and says [illegible] Whitman was [illegible] the representative American Continent."

—Joaquin Miller, says the Boston *Transcript*, is visiting a brother in Easton, Pa., where, while recuperating, he is revising the proof-sheets of his volume of poems, which with much new matter will shortly be given to the public. If Miller had served California much in marching on London and captivating the literati, he did not blow his own trumpet exclusively, but did much to introduce Bret Harte to the Londoners, speaking of him everywhere as a man of great genius and originality. At a dinner given to him by Robert Browning he electrified and delighted the company, comprising many distinguished persons, by reciting the "Heathen Chinee."

—"Ginx's Baby," by a born Canadian, has actually been reprinted in the new Dominion without the author's receiving one penny from it. Such is the state of the colonial laws. There is quite a stir in English literary circles on the state of things which this incident has brought prominently into notice, but Mr. Jenkins declines to appeal to the Imperial Government in support of his rights, because, as he himself says, he would have raised the whole question of imperial relations, and the two persons said to be enrolled in the Canadian militia would be immediately called out to vindicate the rights of Canada to legislate for herself and to rob an Englishman, or an English journal puts it. If the poor fellows' Fox paean, read colonial literature, [illegible] our Empire."

—The Academie Française is the most ancient of the French Academies, its principal object being the publication of a Dictionary of the French language, which is then officially protected against innovation. No word is considered classic without being duly registered in the Dictionary of the French Academy. Several editions have appeared successively, each of them containing many alterations. The new edition will soon be published, and is now in course of preparation. On June 29 the French Academy elected its Perpetual Secretary. The votes were taken by M. Patin, a member of the Institute for the last twenty-eight years, and Professor of Greek Literature at the Sorbonne. The principal work of M. Patin is a study of the Greek tragedians, which is highly esteemed in France as a school. The late Perpetual Secretary was the celebrated M. Villemain, a great friend of M. Guizot, and a former Minister of State in Louis Philippe's time. The election of M. Patin, although undisputed, was very well received in the academical world, and seven members left their residences, and even foreign lands, to vote for him. Among these were counsellors were Father Gratry, of London, and the Marquis de Noailles, French Embassador in London. MM. Guizot, Octave Feuillet, Nisard, etc., were present.

Divisibility of Matter.

A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Thomson, the well known philosopher, to show to what degree matter can be divided and still be sensible to the eye. He dissolved a grain of nitrate of lead in 500,000 grains of water, and passed through the solution a current of sulphuretted hydrogen, when the whole water became perceptibly discolored. Now a grain of water may be regarded as about equal to a drop of that liquid, and a drop may be easily spread out so as to cover a square inch of surface. But under an ordinary microscope the millionth part of a square inch may be distinguished by the eye. The water, therefore, could be divided into 500,000,000,000 parts. But the lead in a grain of nitrate of lead weighs 0.62 grain; an atom of lead accordingly can not weigh more than 1-810,000,000,000th of a grain, while the atoms of sulphur which, in combination with the lead, rendered it visible, could weigh not more than 1-2,325,000,000,000th. It is, the two billionth part of a grain. But what is a billion—or, rather, what conception can be formed of such a quantity? If a person were able to count at the rate of a hundred a minute, and to work without intermission for twelve hours in the day, he would take to count a billion 6,944,444 days or 19,025 years and 319 days. But there can be nothing to the division of matter. There are living creatures so minute that a hundred millions of them might be contained in the space of a cubic inch. But these creatures, until they are lost to the human sight, aided by the most powerful instruments, are seen to possess organs of motion, collecting their food, and even swallowing their prey. They are, therefore, supplied with organs, and these organs consist of parts of atoms, so to speak. In reckoning the size of such atoms it is necessary to speak, not of billions, but of billions of billions.

The Follies of American Women in Paris.

In treating of the politics of women it would hardly be a possible thing to ignore the hegira of American women to Paris during the last twelve years. To gain Paris has been the end and aim of the lives and dreams of many of our infatuated countrywomen. It has been to them what the "peacock" was to Tilly Slowboy—"the summit of human happiness, the highest point of earthly hopes." And once there, they have given themselves up to the winds, their [illegible] have led a career much more Parisian than that of the Parisians themselves, paying little heed to the consequences, which are always regarded by European women. To be admired by the Emperor was a matter of boast—to be talked of because the great earthly good. The American women, whose names are well known that they would be recognized if called in every club and in every parlor in New York, have a European infamy in a very short way, and, unfortunately, their example spread, for they were all handsome and gifted. They bought beautiful dresses, gave their friends at home—they were sought and courted by the more decent Americans, and glad to be admitted to the Tuileries even by the back stairs.

The curtain has fallen on this empire, whose follies were those of the Emperor and of Americans far more than her own; and yet, at least of these poor butterflies, the wings of brilliance of all, has been crushed on the rising wheel. What has become of the old sort? What will be their fate, what the reward, when the poor glory of being the Emperor's favorite is taken away, and when the beauty goes and only the memory of folly remains?—*Lippincott's Magazine*.